

GRAPPLING WITH THE
WORLD

JAMES D. SALTS

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BY

JAMES D. SALTS

Author of "The Man From Missouri"



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IF OTHER FRIENDS FAIL YOU

If other friends and companions fail you, try the friendships of a few great books, of which there aren't more than a couple of dozen in all the world.

If you feel you can't afford such luxuries and such exaltations, better go without an occasional meal but that you will have them. Let them feed you.

If you are down in the depths, they can lift you to the highest heaven of joy and serenity. If you are discouraged, they will inspire you with hope and high encouragement. If you feel, as most of us sometimes do, that life is a failure and that nothing matters much, they will instruct you that life—the life of mind and heart and soul, which it is possible for every mortal to live—can be made an ever-continuing, ever-greatening triumph, and that every day and every incident and person and everything are significant as related to and intimately bound up in your destiny.

If you so wish and decree, you may, with Shakespeare, find "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and good in everything."—E. E. E. McJ.

THE MISSOURI

Backwater from the wide Mizzoo,
In Old Bonnefemme glassed the sky,
A curving thread of sun-lit blue,
Dropt from the summer world on high.

Big Muddy ran two miles away,
As it had run for ages past,
The same it boldly flows to-day,
And will so long as time shall last.

All unchanged the bluffs they stand,
Towering giants mocking time,
Frowning across the shifting sand,
As aeons pass and floods sublime.

All else hewn and hack'd left and right,
For came man with his axe and saw,
And all the ruthless things that blight,
In the honored name of law.

The eagle on wing unafraid,
Beheld virgin woods now no more,
Forest on forest for'er laid,
'Neath the axe and the mill's dull roar.

The wild goose angle overhead,
Floated along its airy way,
Till longrange guns with steel and lead,
Frighted from field and stream and bay.

Thousands on the big river bar,
Arch'd their necks and screamed for joy,
For no guns then "carried" so far,
Nor foe had been but to destroy.

THE MISSOURI

Where stood the stag in wild delight,
And his antlers so proudly bore,
The noisy stamp mill crowns the height,
And strews the vale with dirty ore.

Gone forever's the wild pea vine,
The razorback hog and his race,
Back yonder once almost divine,
Now but memory-haunted space.

And all the logfire rhapsodies
At old hog-killing time are gone,
With the weird shadows 'gainst the trees
And spectral scenes of early dawn.

Scarcely found is the scalding tub,
And the irons that thunder'd so,
And the rocks that rumbled "rub-dub,"
Down the lane of the long ago.

Gone forever's the spinning wheel,
With its woo-woo-woo thru the rooms,
Gone forever the hankling reel
And old-time jeans and linsey looms .

Gone the skillet and biscuits fat,
The apple butter and the souse
(We have about starved the cat
On funny mixtures at our house).

Farewell, farewell, the wild grape pie,
Its crust white as the driven snow,
(No barley, no mix and no rye—
No Hooverizing then, you know).

W. C. NASE

PREFACE

I dedicate this work to the cause of prohibition and to the fine life of the American Republic with the hope that it will be extended throughout the world. Devoted to the cause of right in dealing with our fellow men and to try to make the world a little bit better than we found it; which is a duty that is imposed upon us by the divine God: that with every believer, justice and honor shall prevail.

Embodying appropriate construction of both sides of the treatise though the subject is not new; nothing under the sun is new; nothing stands still forever. We are traveling from the lower life to the higher life always.

In this story we have gathered truth, love and promise, for whose supremacy we are all inevitably struggling, in contrast with the thieving, deceitful villianous powers of its enemy; for gold and power for money seeks to destroy that which is good and to corrupt that which forever lives and tries to influence and overthrow a righteous cause for a false power.

While there is nothing new under the sun, there is much literature and latent wisdom as well as that wisdom that is of known worth, and men who grapple with it, which firmly establishes the worth of this work which has been gathered from the four corners of the earth and appropriated to the current mind, as stones in a mighty wall,—each stone to fit in its place for a great and powerful structure—collectively; devoted to the up-building of the good of the human race and the blending in of the mode of speech and language of expression from the common and simple life to the most accomplished and aristocratic one—for a common good, makes the work complete and original.

In incorporating the work and in mastering its subject, we have tried to gather force for good and unite in a stronghold for a mighty power against a foe; and we

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must combine against the curse of the nation: the liquor traffic, which is intrenching itself against its opposing force.

Let us stand firm for right at all costs and sacrifice—and we will win.

JAMES D. SALTS

Grappling With the World

CHAPTER I

Jot Beasley was traveling over eighteen counties of the Ozark Mountains in the fall of 1922, selling a product of his soap factory which was situated in the city of Springfield, Missouri.

As he was making his rounds at Houston that night, something darkened his mind; his mental faculties were aroused; he couldn't sleep. His window—which was without a screen, was open, and suddenly a bird flew into the room. His brother with whom he was traveling, was asleep in the room but the noise did not disturb him.

The bird flew around the room in a circle occasionally striking the wall, and finally Jot made an attempt to get up and strike a light. Just at that moment the bird flew back out of the window and disappeared in the darkness of the night.

Something must be wrong, Jot thought; something must be on the trail of us—altho' he could not imagine what it could be. It must be a danger signal, he thought, or a warning of some kind.

Back home in the city, his brother-in-law, who was superintendent of the soap factory, was trying by every means available to reach Jot by letter, but about the time a letter would reach a town on Jot's route, he and his brother would just be leaving for another town.

The next town out of Houston was a little burg which was about forty miles from the railroad town on the south, called Cabool, and about the same distance north to Lebanon, with a mail hack running to Lebanon but none to Cabool, and a letter happened to overtake them there.

Jot was still undecided which way he wanted to go, when a merchant there said that he was going to Cabool

the next morning and that he could go with him. He went with the merchant to Cabool where he received the letter. It read: "Come at once, a man from Oklahoma is here looking for you and he is not going to wait but another day or two at the most, he says, for you to show up, and if you don't, he is going to issue a warrant for your arrest"—evidently thinking that Jot was scouting as a fugitive from justice.

Jot took the merchant's car (as his brother's had gone dead there and would not budge or move as he found the batteries to be dead and so sent them to Houston with Jot with instructions to charge them and send them back to him.) The merchant's car just jerked and jumped all the way.

Going by way of Houston and eating dinner there, it took until about four o'clock to get to Cabool. The Springfield train was due there at about five thirty, so he had an hour and a half to play on.

Arriving home at about midnight he immediately sought his brother-in-law to find out what was wrong and was told that there was a fellow there from Oklahoma who had traded for some land there which he—Jot, had formerly owned.

"Yes" said Jot, "I have owned a tract there at Pott, that's where it is, at Pott. This fellow says that you did not own the land and that it was sold for a Deed of Trust. "I owned it, or was supposed to have owned it" said Jot, because the man gave me a Warranty Deed to it, but he warranted it to be due in 1925." "Well, he says it is sold" went on his brother-in-law, "and that he is going to have you arrested for selling or trading something that you did not own." "Alright, I'll see him in the morning and fix it up with him and I'll then have recourse on the other fellow and I can go back on him." "It would seem so" said the brother-in-law.

They retired to bed very happy and contented and Jot was much relieved in his mind. Being anxious to get the matter straightened out he went to his attorney's office next morning. His attorney had attended to the

business of the family and to his father's business before him.

The party had lived in some other county of the state and had gone to Oklahoma to look at the land and upon finding it had been closed out by the party holding the loan, had returned to claim damages after having traced it to several worthless parties financially, so that it fell upon Jot to make it good.

Jot had his old deed along with him which was made to him and from which he had given a Warranty Deed copy fac simile. The Deed was made to Jot Beasley and said plainly on its face "Loan due 1925" and this was only 1922.

After talking with the sheriff while in Oklahoma, he was advised to come and have Jot arrested as the Deed was made in blank, and Jot could be traced as the man who made it and it would be a hard matter to trace all the owners through whose hands it had passed otherwise, and send him to the "pen" for making a deed to something he did not own.

Jot went to his attorney who said that he knew what was up as the Oklahoman had told his troubles to him. "How are you, old friend" said Jot. "Oh, pretty well. It's a miracle to see you running around" said the attorney with a laugh and then he went on: "Know your affliction?" "Yes" said Jot, "I have nothing to brag about; a downfall comes after pride." "Oh, it's nothing" said the attorney, "I can beat it in court but I would advise you to settle it with him out of court. You two just get together and talk it over." "Alright" said Jot, "we will see what we can do."

Presently the man from Oklahoma came into the office just as Jot started to leave. Not knowing the man, his attorney accosted him thus: "Is this the man you were wanting to see?" and they sat down in the office. "What do you want for damages and trouble" said Jot. "Well, Mr. Beasley," said the man, "I have lost about two thousand dollars in the deal and I will be willing to settle it for that much either in cash or its equivalent in property." They parleyed for some time and finally he

came down to five hundred dollars and Jot paid him over the money in the presence of the attorney.

Just after the money was paid the fellow's attorney came in and the Oklahoman had just gone to the depot to take his train. "Have you seen so and so" he asked. "Oh yes, I paid him" said Jot, "and he has left for home." "Oh my!" said the attorney, "I wish I had known it for he has not paid me yet."

"Well," said Jot, "It would be best all the way around for the real estate men and grafters on the public, if the country and business would discard "wild cat" and "blue sky," for if a rich man can't deal in it I don't see how a poor man can for he has to serve the penalties of the law while the rich man can make it good with his money." A second Deed of Trust had been given on the land and he had had to make that good.

In the office of the State Realty Company, stood a large elk neck and head with wonderful protruding horns about six feet across. This was set against a board, or frame, and fastened to the wall. Above, protruding over the desk, was one of the largest elk ever captured.

Fishart, the road manager of the States Realty Co., could play and act like a farmer. The manager of the firm, with a serious eagle eyed masterful look, was a dignified man of powerful build. He would send Fishart to Karr City in connection with his partner; a real estate shark, and Fishart would play the farmer and the real estate man the trader, to close up the deals.

Fishart the farmer, would carry the firm's farms and real estate and would play innocent like and when he would find a customer, the trader would put him and Fishart together to talk over the trade.

One or two other firms in the city after this, had tried to trap Jot the same way again after they found he was what they termed "easy", but Jot had gotten wise to their game and passed them up.

Yes, his attorney had advised him to settle it out of court. We lawyers are for law suits but it is cheaper to settle out of court. At the same time we are not against

peaceful, friendly and arbitrary settlements, if the parties can agree.

Another party had been involved in the matter before the Oklahoma man had received it. He had my Warranty Deed and I held a half interest in another tract which he was trying to claim without carrying out his contract. It was only in the form of an option, which fell back to me after a period of time. The Warranty Deed was made by me without looking up an abstract of the validity of the title.

Well, he didn't want me to dispose of my half interest without making him a Deed to his half interest. I told him I could trade it subject to the contract without doing this as the contract had not expired and that he was not entitled to his half until he fulfilled his part of the agreement.

"Well," he said, "I have your Warranty Deed to a piece of land in Oklahoma which has no title and I will come back on you if you trade the other off without making me a deed to my half interest." Jot told him he could not do that and that he could trade it subject to the contract without doing this, as the contract had not expired and that he was not entitled to his half until he fulfilled his part of the contract.

"Well" said the fellow to Jot, "I have your Warranty Deed to a piece of land in Oklahoma which has no title. "How do you know that?" asked Jot. "I've written out there," he said. "You will have to prove it," said Jot. "I will come back on you if you trade the other half off without making me a Warranty Deed to my half." This shows how one man will sometimes take advantage of another when he can.

CHAPTER II

How do we reach the conclusiveness of government in a republic like ours? We reach or determine government by the proposals of one or more different systems or methods of governmental policy and then by weighing them in the balance of an election, adopt the one chosen by the majority and the majority rules. That is how we reach and obtain government power and control of our laws, and we, as citizens, obey and defend the laws of the land and we become citizens, all of us, whether we are free holders of land or not, so long as our occupations are working in the land, or industry of some sort. Land falls back to the government if taxes are not paid and it can then be re-bought by citizens.

Jot looked up across the street at the States Realty Company's office and said to himself: "They are the whole cause of my doing this and I have a recourse with them and I'll use it. They should be the ones to suffer and not myself." He walked into the office where the manager sat in his swivel chair at the desk. Pointing up at the elk he said: "That means when they come in here they have got to be game." "Well," said Jot, "I'll just go out like I came in, game, and I'll see you later."

"Which side of the fence are you on?" asked Jot, as he turned around to the fellow in the chair. "We are always identified with all that is good and right" was the answer. "Allright, there is a settlement coming to me," said Jot, as he turned on his heel and left the office, before the manager had time to speak, but he sat there looking after Jot with a harsh expression. He was a man of fairly good features but a massive head and heavy eyebrows.

Jot moved out to the old man Nase's place. As he drove up to the front a voice sounded from the front porch where the old man had just emerged together with the two ladies from visiting him. They were anxious to

return home but did not want to leave the old man until some one came to care for him. "Take it back" said the old man as he came out of the house, "I have no place for it here; no room for it here" he went on. "I didn't know you were going to furnish a house for housekeeping. Mine is already furnished."

The woman came out and said "Put some in the basement and some upstairs. Bring it in and we will help you arrange it. We will make room for the bedding and furniture upstairs and the kitchenware can go into the basement." "Well," said the old man, "if you can find room, all right" and he went on up town to his office to which place he had just started.

The old man Nase, was looking through his files and dockets and ran across an old letter from his son in Portland. He had received it while his mother and wife lived. "I must read it to you, Jot", he said, and Jot listened attentively to the letter which ran as follows:

Twin States Automobile Company.

Portland, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Nase

Dear Mamma and Papa:

Daylight ends now at five o'clock. Yesterday evening—which was Saturday, a policeman with a square head and long eyebrows entered into our store and told us that the electric sign which graces the front of the store, proclaiming "Chandler", must stay lighted from dusk until ten thirty P. M. This seems to be the ordinance in Portland, yet we have seen no notice in the newspapers advising that electric signs are to be eliminated in big business and little business. They will have rules laid down for them. The rules may seem unjust and even unduly severe, yet we will all have to toe the mark.

It looks as if, according to Father's last letter, that the most sensible thing to do is to fold the sails and cut down each item of overhead to the minimum so as to withstand the storm. This I am trying to do.

Advices from the Chandler factory indicate that there will be a curtailment of the output this coming year but I am of the opinion that this will not seriously affect those distributors who handled from one hundred and fifty to two hundred cars a year, tho' it will put a crimp in California business where over fourteen hundred deliveries are made each season in both southern and northern parts of the state.

It seems like such dates as George Washington's Birthday, Thanksgiving and Christmas linger in my mind bringing memories of years gone by. Thanksgiving dinner I once had in company with me Harry Heckart at the Commercial Hotel, Augusta, Kansas. We were sole occupants of the dining room of a special Thanksgiving dinner. Even the proprietor of the hotel went to the Thanksgiving dinner, leaving us to a fare of pork, instead of turkey. Again, only a few years ago, I ate Thanksgiving dinner consisting of a ham sandwich and a glass of milk in a little town called Selma, in California, tucked away in the San Joaquin Valley. I had been endeavoring to change the viewpoint of a Jack Johnson skulled garage owner, without success, and as a consequence missed my dinner.

If I could figure as much as four dollars a head, in those days, I thought Fate was unusually kind. A hundred dollars then would have seemed like a million. A peculiar thing about life: it seems as though a viewpoint changes an entire circumstance. As an illustration; I remember with the elaborate advertising scheme of "Who? Who?" I actually felt then as if I were giving each merchant the worth of his money and I studied hard to have the copy that I wrote for him as brisk and truthful as I would like to make it. Now I could sell "Who? Who?" without a mask, yet I presume if I live long enough the little business that I now own here, valued at a few thousand dollars, will seem small, and its intricacies that now often perplex me will seem merely trivial.

There is one thing that I have learned, however, and there is much satisfaction handling the business with

this idea in mind. I would rather have this company right than to have it greater financially. I consider that the greatest success that we can make is to have it said that we are right and that we shoot straight.

Not to my own knowledge since I have been in the automobile business in Portland, have I ever done any one an unjust or unfair turn. True, there have been times when some persons thought so and accused me of it, but I always felt that I was right, consequently there was no ghost of a conscience to accuse me afterward.

I hope you both are well and that you will take care of yourselves.

I am with love, your boy,
A. Nase.

The title of the mill was a failure also, although the parties who traded the mill were confident that the title was good. It was, at least, apparently so. The real estate agent gave me the papers including the abstract, or a supplemental abstract and we exchanged papers in his office.

I did not investigate the abstract until I reached home and after reading it, I found that the loan had fallen due on the mill about three months before the date on which I had closed the deal.

Then I commenced to investigate the title by first making a trip to see the man who held the loan who lived in another town about twenty or thirty miles away.

Upon calling on him I found that he had foreclosed on the mill and thereby had become the owner and he had had it about three months after closing it out before I had traded for it. As the mortgage of two thousand dollars had fallen due together with about two hundred dollars of interest, that was all that could be done, as the man holding the loan had to protect himself and save himself, so there I was out again. The old man at the place where I was staying said to me: "We are only promised the present and the future is not ours until we arrive." Yet people will plunge ahead and are disap-

pointed. The things we plan for the future do not always materialize and come out as we expect them to. Sometimes it is a benefiting disappointment and sometimes it is a losing one.

So that part was a failure for an undertaking business proposition unless something could be done to pay off the mortgage and redeem the mill.

The object in making the trip to see the party that held the mortgage was to try to arrange for this. I told the man I had all that I possessed in this world's goods tied up in the mill, which included about seven thousand dollars in bonds and eleven thousand dollars worth of land.

After looking at me for a minute after having introduced myself to him, he said: "I own the mill you may have bought, but the party of whom you bought it did not own it as I gave them long time and even extended the time, but they would not pay the interest and none of the principal, and so I had to protect myself according to law, and the only thing to do was to close it out. The parties you got it from might have been as innocent as you are regarding the validity of the title but ignorance is no excuse in law and I advertised the sale of the mill according to law and they have no kick coming, and of course there is no use to plead for mercy in a case like this."

"While I am a fair minded man and don't want to see a man lose what he has, yet you will have to look to them for your money or property back and not to me for you have recourse on them with the law for trading you something they did not own at the time, and you have no recourse on me; my part is already settled," he continued.

"I am not begging for mercy," I said, "I understand the situation full well. I am here to see if you will give me a chance to redeem the mill by paying up the back interest and renewing the Deed of Trust on the mill to make you safe, and I will take hold of the mill and pay it out."

"You can do it," he said, and he went on: "I made

eighteen hundred dollars out of that mill in two years and I never did a thing but draw my part of the money as I had a party running it." "You can go there and work in the mill yourself and likely do twice as well now." He went on: "These parties who owned the mill at the time the interest became due and whom I notified to pay it, might have and no doubt did trade it to parties who were innocent in trading it to you alright, but a man must, or should investigate the title before he trades if he has very much at stake in the trade."

"You are right," I said, "I know I have been stung a few times before in trades and of course it was my own lookout for not finding out about the title before I traded and I want to quit the trading game and what I do in this way in the future will be to buy and sell, or at least, be more careful in trading."

"I will give you a chance" he said, "I believe that you are an honest man." "I will take the back interest due and make you safe. If the other parties traded with you with intent to defraud, they are to be put in the state prison, but that is neither here nor there, and has nothing to do with our deal."

"Well" I said, "You remind me of the characteristics of an old friend and sweetheart who years ago boarded with us and taught our district school when I was at home. Her name was the same as yours, Sally Purselly." "And what is your name?" he asked. "Beasley" I said. "I have heard her speak very highly of the Beasley's", he said, "she was my sister." "Then we are almost like kin folks," I said, "for I thought a good deal of her, but she married another man and went into Arkansas in to the saw milling business and died there."

"I'll go back and think it over," I said. "All right" he said, "let me know in a few days if possible for I might sell the mill."

He was a very sociable kind of a man, and clever, and we walked out on the lawn and he said: "Let us walk down in the back to see my hogs, orchard, grass and strawberries and tomatoes. I will show you how I mulch them. I put a layer of straw on my garden in

winter and then take it off in the summer and it makes the ground just like an ash bank and makes the yield great." "My little farm you see" pointing out over it, "goes back to the next road or street and my house is right in town and my mill is over on the other side of town. The Methodist College is here and preachers are turned out here. This ought to be a mighty good town."

My brother's wife, who had accompanied us on the trip had left the car in the street and was making her way into the house and he, Mr. Purselly, after being introduced, told her to go in the house and meet his wife and daughter. They presently went into the house and left us there still talking.

"Is there any money in the mill business?" I asked, and I continued by saying: "If there is, I ought to soon lift the two thousand dollar mortgage and interest debt." "Yes" he said, "you can."

You give—say about a dollar a bushel for wheat and grind it up into flour and sell it back to the farmer for about a dollar and sixty cents. The farmer always sells his wheat as a rule, when it is cheap, and buys the flour and feed back when it is high. If he would hold his wheat until the price went up, he could be the rich man as well as the miller.

I told a farmer this one day and I told him if he would keep it confidential and say nothing about it, that I would tell him some more later. I saw him a little later and I said "Well, you have kept the secret well, I will trust you with another. Something else that you may not know or have not thought about at least, you farmers don't think enough; you let others do your thinking and they think for themselves and not for you, and you just go on taking the other fellow's price for your products and give his price for his. He has all the say both ways and you have none."

"Now" went on the miller, "I told him to keep his wheat, take it to the mill and sell it or swap for flour, and patronize the home mill and save the freight to and fro from the cities to the big mills, besides paying them salaries of their traveling men and advertising. Our

little mills, if run right, make just as good flour. Why, when I was in Springfield some time ago, I went around and saw the grocers and told them I did not ask them to buy my flour; I just wanted a little space for it in their stores and they could try it out. I could sell cheaper than the big mills and their customers would get the benefit. Some of them, of course, did so and now they have a big sale on my flour at a big saving to the people and they are my permanent friends. And another thing is that the railroads ought to be run by the people, or the government. It is either that or the farmer has got to have a better price in order that he may live and exist, and we cannot do without the farmer. We might manage, now, to do without the railroads, but we can never do without the farmer."

"Selling at the right time in live stock as well as wheat, is an item with farmers. They should either organize in a band together to make prices better for themselves, or they should build their own mills and their packing houses to protect themselves; but the trouble is that they have not got the money. Everything they have to buy is high while everything they have to sell they sell when it is cheap. The middle man gets control of the bulk of the farm products and puts the price up, and the people pay the cost, but the farmer doesn't get what they are entitled to. They work and produce it while the middle man handles it and speculates on their labor; and the people are keeping up a class of middle man who does not produce anything, and if the farmers were rightly organized, the middle man could, and would, be eliminated."

"Well," I said, "They are making an effort to do it and I hope that they will win for they so richly deserve to as many under these low prices are losing their farms, especially those who have mortgages hanging over them."

I had been talking to a French landscape gardener and fruit grower who had been working a nursery and he wanted to go down with me on the farm; build a house and go in with me and beautify the place and make a beautiful home, for an interest in the estate.

We were to take a trip down to my sister's who had an estate adjoining my land. As all the family was to visit here and take dinner, we did so and had a big time. It was in May; Springtime, and the country looked very beautiful and attractive and the farm seemed to be enticing us to come and become identified with beautiful.

"The twenty acres of land that fell to me from my father's estate" said Beasley to Miss Dollie Moberly, "lays beautifully. It is bordered on two sides by graveled roads; one running on the north side and one on the west side which intersects to the north road at the northwest corner opposite to which there is a school house. Both highways run and connect with the city of Springfield, as well as the nearby town of Bois Darc, and lies beautifully rolling with a little block of timber on the east and left," for timber, as Beasley put it, was the best asset on the farm.

A ridge, gently rolling crossed the field north and south, sloping off west and gradually rounding off west and east, making a beautiful building place for a house, and only thirty minutes to Springfield and within two miles of a home market.

"Well, that would be fine" she said. "Now" he continued without heeding or acknowledging what she said, "you have been wanting to go out there some day and visit my sister, her husband and children, and eat fried chicken, and now I have a way for you to go Sunday. My brother is joining his wife and child and I will go with him and you can go along and ride in the back seat with me and we can just have all the world to ourselves."

"That would be mighty nice, indeed, and it is very kind of you to remember me, but I ——" "But what now?" I asked, "were you not serious?" "Oh yes, I mean to go sometime," she went on, "but ——" "Sometime" he interrupted "another chance like this may never occur again."

"I have to go to West Plains, Sunday or I would go" she said.

"Where were you last night when I called you on the phone" Beasley asked. "A gentleman friend and I went to the picture show last night" she said. "You did?"

said Beasley, "so you are going to West Plain Sunday to see him? Well, I reckon he is going to like you." "Oh no" she said, I am goin with him; he has already gone home." "Well, I guess I'll have to turn you loose, it looks as if there were no chance for me. Are you engaged?" "Yes" she said, "but I don't know whether I will marry him or not, Jot you can never tell. Let me know the next time you can go and I will try to go with you." "All right" said Jot, "but it is now uncertain when we can ever go again unless we would go by train." "It would be much nicer to go in the car" she said. He bade her goodbye and told her he would try to see her again.

She was an old friend of his when he had formerly lived on the farm and she had gone into milinery business in the city.

Beasley had now been in the city for nearly a year and a half, but he could not be contented with city life and was planning to return to the farm. He was more lonely in the city than on the farm altho' he was living with an old gentleman Mr. Nase whose wife had recently died, and the old man not wanting to leave his home and place of abode or break up housekeeping, insisted that Beasley should come to live with him without charge, and as Beasley was just temporarily located in the city and was renting a room and eating his meals uptown, he decided to accept the old man's offer and at this time, he had been living with him for about five months.

He was an eccentric old gentleman; perfectly harmless and at times was very good company. They would sit at night talking over their past lives and experiences. The old gentleman had an amazing memory.

Jot Beasley had a notion of marrying Miss Moberly, but after he found out about another fellow at West Plains have been claiming time with her, he did not know so much about his chance. She had formerly been in business at West Plains and had formed his acquaintance since going there, and she was now on her way to again take charge of her business there and would be closer to the other fellow. "Never mind" thought Jot to himself, "I can be just as independent as she can,"

and while he took it pretty seriously, he kept it all to himself with only an occasional remark to the old man who regarded their social relations as old friends.

It began to look now as if it were going to be a race between Jot Beasley and the West Plains banker.

The old man said to him one night as they sat together in the glare of an electric light: "If Lottie is going to West Plains, you are gone, for she is following up that fellow." "When the cat springs, it don't always catch the bird," said Jot, "besides there are so many sides to that question. She is, I think, going with good intentions to catch the bird and she is also known to have business interests there."

"Well, if I were you and thought she was going for that man, I would let her go" said the old man. "Oh" said Jot, "I am not trying to hold her. I don't know whether she is going for business or for the man but as she is engaged to him it looks as if she were going for both. I have no claim on her except that of friendship." "She says that they are engaged but that they may never marry and that you can never tell whether they will or not. Of course, there is only a very, very remote possibility for me and I don't care anything about her company in a matrimonial way and will just have to wait until the matter is finally settled." He was thinking hard about the future and trying to get settled in his plans, for he had always been a farmer and now might become a miller, for a man doesn't always go in the way that he has been trained.

I once knew a doctor that quit the practice after his first trip in a snow storm after returning from college; who took to mechanics and made a master mechanic; and I once knew a fellow who studied watch making and made a financier and expressed himself like this: "It was a hell of an education for a financier."

Business training does not make the man; the man makes the business. If it is natural for a man to do a thing he can do it without education; that is, if it does not require special training. Then again, a man may be in the wrong channel for success. If he likes his trade

he will succeed well enough, but if he does not like it, he had better do something else for contentment is the basic principle of happiness.

This financier was a trust merger with headquarters on Wall Street. A friend to A. Nase, and his father were boys and neighbors together, playmates. One evening the telephone rang, Mr. Nase answered. Hello, at the other end, Hello, came, is this you Will, was the quick reply. Yes boy do you recognize me so soon and so well. This is Will, are you coming up, Will. Yes, I will be right over. He came at once and after greetings Mr. Nase introduced him to Jot. You taking care of the old man. Yes said Jot affirmatively, that is very good of you he said.

After a very rapid and friendly conversation he told at the request of Mr. Nase how he merged Billions of Dollars worth of property into one Corporation, thus saving and cutting down overhead expenses when all would be as still as clock work and the word spoken, announcing the combine of Billions to the representative body gathered and the deal closed, and the twelve hundred dollar note which I traded for a friend and got three hundred and twenty acres in Arkansas for it. He was dissatisfied with it and wanted me to get the note back and give the land back for it. I saw the fellow and he wanted fifty dollars to trade back. "Well," I said, "I did not get anything out of the deal so why should I give you fifty dollars to trade back. "Well," he said "that is the best the other fellow will do."

I would not give the fifty dollars myself so reported the situation to my friend who gave me the note to trade for what I could get for it and thought I had made a good trade for him as he allowed me to use my own judgment in the matter and he had recourse of no kind on me neither did I have recourse on the other fellow, but my friend tried hard to hold me responsible for the payment of a worthless twelve hundred dollar note which he could not collect and it seemed that he got me innocently to trade it with the intention of becoming dissatisfied apparently and forcing me to pay it.

I then saw the folly and mistake and liabilities of such trading and became more cautious. I traded for a fine Oregon wheat ranch in Baker County, at about the source of the Columbian Highway and traded around and finally got a flour mill. I traded a patent on an airship I was the inventor of, for one hundred and sixty acres in Oklahoma, for which I was later offered fifty thousand dollars, but refused it because they had recently struck oil near it and there was a town on the other side.

Jot Beasley went to the grocery store to get his supply of groceries and Grandon said: "When are you going to take in that cook?" "She is engaged now to another fellow and I am left again," said Jot. "Well, Jot, you are young yet" said Grandon. "I say I am" said Beasley.

"Buy a cake from this young lady who stands near" Grandon said. "All right". The young lady in question came over and stood beside Beasley. She was a tall graceful fine looking young lady of about twenty-five summers, and she handed him a ticket for 5 cents on a loaf of her bread which the grocer sold. "Give me that" said Grandon, "and I'll give you the bread" as he handed it to him, and Beasley thought what a fine young lady he was standing beside. The girl now advanced and turned with her back to the counter, facing Beasley.

The clerk picked up one of her cakes and put it in his basket. "Now you want some strawberries" said the clerk Grandon. "Yes, a box" said Beasley and I'll have a short cake." "Bachelor's shortcake" laughed the girl, "the old gentleman will think you are a good cook with all of those good things to eat." "Yes" said Beasley "we had a good dinner today; we had oyster stew, baked potatoes, rice and poached eggs, if I did do the cooking." They laughed again.

He took the basket in hand with the girl still watching him. "I don't know whether I will be back tomorrow or not, I have so much here. We may eat so much we may get sick for we are not used to cakes" he said.

The girl laughed. "So your lady has hung on to another fellow, you say," said Brandon. "Yes" said Jot, "that's what she told me." This started quite a laugh.

"There is no use for a fellow to try to hide a thing any longer when it becomes public business," said Jot.

The girl almost shrieked and the clerks nearly fell over the counter. "Oh" said Beasley, "I have had several on the fence but they would not come across over the fence; they always jumped back instead of forward."

"Why didn't you go after them; go and get them, don't wait for them to come to you," he was told. "I see that that is where my failing and weakness lies" said Jot, "I've been too long waiting and they don't offer themselves but once to a man and then he has to meet them half way, but I was too slow in getting there. She was willing and came half way but she was not willing to come all the way. I want to be fair," continued Beasley, "but I never was a fellow to rush things unless they had to be rushed."

(Beasley makes a flying trip to Morrisville to save his mill as it is to be sold and he wants to buy it in. "Papers must be fixed," says Purselly, who holds the loan now past due," or it will be closed out for good." He offers Beasley a chance to save himself from the loss of the mill if he will come at once.)

Beasley had just two days now to redeem the mill as his option would expire at the end of two days. He and his brother started early Saturday arriving a short time before noon.

Jot had planned a double deal before arriving as he had written to a fellow at Bolivar (about twenty miles beyond the town of Morrisville and where Purselly lived and where they were to meet) and he had written the man to be sure to meet them there Saturday. Jot had met this man a few days before in Springfield and he had offered to trade Jot his farm for the mill. Beasley had taken him up on his offer and as the farm was in the vicinity of Morrisville, the town where they were to meet, he could see the farm while there.

They met at Mr. Purselly's residence and Purselly saw that they were there for business and a trade was sure

and as Jot had a third party on the ground, he should become stubborn and demand some favors and be more slow about trading.

"Well, they started off on the subject when Jot and Purselly broke off from their friendly talk and Jot said: "Well, boys, we are here for business; let's get busy and come to some understanding and agreement."

"Yes" said Purselly. Jot brought some blank deeds and the mortgage papers along with him and he also had started to fill them out as he sat at the writing table and as he had unrolled the papers from the bundle previously taken from his grip, including the old original deed and abstract which were among the papers, a check was found among them for five hundred dollars, made out to Purselly and signed by Jot Beasley.

As it fell from among the papers, Jot picked it up and laid it to one side of the table, or desk. "That's your check, Purselly, for an advance payment on the old loan for five hundred dollars, and now in writing up the papers for this new loan, it will be a reduction of five hundred dollars from the old loan which stood on the mill, and it will leave a balance of fifteen hundred dollars, which we will insert in the new Deed of Trust and it will start off at that with what rate of interest?" continued Jot as he looked up at Purselly. "About seven percent, I guess," said Purselly with an absent look on his face, "but say, hold on a minute, how about this back interest due on the old Deed of Trust?"

They had talked about this previously, on the first trip over but had not reached a definite understanding. "I reckon that I am entitled to the two hundred dollars of back interest now past due on the old Deed of Trust." "I never agreed to pay it" said Jot, you didn't mention it to me in your letter, you only mentioned the five hundred dollars which I was to pay, then besides, I wrote you that I thought the profits of the mill were enough for your share for you have been getting them all the time since you came into possession of the mill, I suppose since closing it out, so that settles that for when a thing is closed out it is settled by law and the thing is ended

and it does not draw interest then." Purselly scratched his head and studied hard a minute and being of a thoughtful nature said "Did you not say when you came to see me that you would pay the interest?" "I said it in this way," said Jot. "I said that if I advanced you five hundred dollars on the old debt and assumed payment of it that you ought not to add the interest of the old debt to the new one, as you would be getting the profits of the mill and not I, but I don't think that you replied at the time" said Beasley, "and I know you did not say anything about it in your letter to me containing the offer to me, for here it is and you can read it yourself" taking the letter from his pocket and handing it to him. "Something was said about it in our former talk but no definite conclusion was ever reached about it" went on Jot. "I should not pay any back interest—I did not assume any." "There is no law for that" said Jot. "Well the" said Purselly, "if it comes to that, there is no law for making me renew the Deed of Trust for your possession of the mill either." "That's a fact" said Jot, "that's just what I am talking about. "We are not going to law about it; we will settle it between ourselves satisfactorily. That is the only way we can settle it for it is outlawed already so far as my interest in the mill is concerned, and of course, I realize that fact as much as you do, and while I am wholly at your disposition in the matter, I don't want to pay two prices for the mill. Of course, I think it is a very fine act of yours to allow me to still hold my share in the mill by giving me a chance, but I won't increase my obligation to that of the former terms, nor make the debt any larger. You of course, have the power to reject these terms or grant them—either way, while I am helpless to say which way it shall be. We are making a new contract now. You could collect for your part of the income and then charge me up for the interest—that would be a double charge.

"Well" said Purselly, "I am not a man to take advantage of another just because I can or because I have the power to do so."

"I did not think that you were that type of man when

I first met you" said Jot, "and I don't think so yet. I think we will yet reach a friendly and satisfactory agreement and settlement in the proper adjustment of this business, and I am willing to assume it as it stands."

Jot knew that the best way to get on the good side of a man was to flatter him, and while he did not want to deceive anyone, he knew there was always a good side to every man, and that it paid to treat human nature kindly, for they are entitled to it and deserve it for all men have their cares and troubles. Where there are bad people and good people, always tell them of their good qualities and ignore the bad ones.

"But what is your object in bringing along a third party, may I ask? For a witness, I suppose" said Purselly. "No, not exactly that" said Jot, "he is going to take the mill over in his name; in other words he will trade me his farm for the mill when you and I have reached an agreement. I suppose that makes no difference to you and I did not think it necessary to mention it at the start. He is a good man, I believe I introduced him when we first came in didn't I?" said Jot, looking around at the man. "Mr. Blakely, shake hands with Mr. Purselly" said Jot.

"Yes, I know you" said Purselly, "you used to come to my mill here very often." "Yes," said Mr. Blakely, "I live over on the river west of Bolivar. I've got a good farm, a real farm, but decided that I wanted to go into the milling business; farms ain't paying much now, neither are mills. When farming is ebbing low the mill business ebbs low too.

Purselly saw in his own mind now that he was missing a chance to trade this mill for a good farm and then realize full value and receive ten thousand dollars worth of value instead of two thousand dollars, by renewing the Deed of Trust with Jot Beasley.

Jot shivered as he read the thought correctly in Purselly's face. He saw Purselly talking to Mr. Blakely and realized that views were changing in Purselly's mind, and that the deal might yet be lost. Both Beasley and Purselly were thinking hard and fast.

It might not be hard for Purselly to back out, but his word would be at stake. It all depended upon how greatly he valued his word and how much it would embarrass him to back out in the presence of these men, but of course, he could delay the deal and finally call it all off by disposing of the mill to another party or keep it himself.

"What a mistake" Jot thought he had made by bringing this man along. He quit thinking about the mill for the moment and got to thinking about the new girl at the store where he had bought her cake the day before and wondered what she would think if he should lose the deal and nearly all he had with it. It seemed now that the only hope of recourse, or to play safe and the chance for that was thin, was to go back on the parties he made the trade with, but they doubtless were not worth it.

He decided that he would await the final decision of Purselly, before committing himself further on the proposition. He sat silently by while Blakely and Purselly talked and his mind reflected back to how the old man with whom he lived in the city, had so harshly pushed the cake back and said "Please, Jot, set that cake back in the cupboard or sideboard, out of my sight, for I dassent eat it." You just bought it from that good looking girl, just to please her, I suppose and paid two prices for it, I suppose, but it, I cannot."

Jot had faith that the deal would yet be made and was not troubling himself about it. As the old man put it "it made no difference with Jot Beasley, anyway, he never took anything greatly to heart; win or lose, if he won, he laughed and if he lost, he laughed about it."

"Well," said Blakely, "let's get busy on this trade. Mr. Beasley is waiting for an answer."

Jot knew that the time to drive a nail into hard oak was to hit center and right on the head and to do no missing or glancing work; to drive the nail home and clinch while the driving was good, for a mislick would turn it off and bend it out of line and if it would go at all, now was the time, for if postponed, it was gone because a big thing was at stake with Purselly to put it off, while

all would be gained on the part of Beasley to make it there and then because Purselly could not make an excuse there and then for not making the deal except for his own personal interest and disregard Beasley entirely. But if the deal were put off or went over, it would give a wider range for excuses.

Blakely had suggested that the deal go through and he was the very one that each one had thought would block the deal, but he had opened the way for renewed effort to close the deal, then and there. Would Purselly oppose the two now? Action was forthcoming now one way or the other in a moment as Purselly was pressed for it and the answer must come. What would that answer be? It could be one of three things. I will postpone it, or I will do it, or I will not do it, as the deal had now reached these proportions and hinged on one of these answers.

"It all lies with Purselly as to the outcome of the trade," said Jot, "I have him now where he will either show his manhood and stand by his word or show his rascality." I believe his manhood will show its strength and assert itself," said Beasley.

(Notes for book)

Mr. Baker was still holding the Warranty Deed on the land in Oklahoma to which he said the title was no good. It was the tract which he said I would have to make good as I had warranted it. Well, to even up on it I had previously come into possession of another hundred and sixty acres in Oklahoma. This was the tract for which I had been offered fifty thousand dollars, and rather than be sued for a judgment to make this good, I told him that I would give him an option on this tract for a year and if he would sell it, I would give him a half interest in it. Well, he agree to do this as before stated in another chapter of this book and I (Jot Beasley plays the part of the one I have been calling "I") just had received a letter from a friend in Oklahoma, at Hominy, Oklahoma, who had formerly lived in Springfield, and as I had told him before about having this land, he wrote the following letter from Hominy saying that he wanted

to trade his lead mine of forty acres in Missouri, for it, and which he valued at fifty thousand dollars.

Jot Beasley's land in Oklahoma was in the oil region; that is supposed to be as there had been four barrel wells struck near it; just enough to indicate oil, and the boom started there at Southard, and a man wrote from there using the bank stationary, that he wanted to buy it and would give fifty thousand dollars for it if Beasley would make him a Warranty Deed. The man wrote to a prominent real estate firm in Springfield but did not write direct to Beasley. Beasley was walking down town one day and the real estate man met him on the street and said: "Say, Beasley, do you want to sell that hundred and sixty acres you have in Oklahoma? I have a standing offer on it from a man living there, of fifty thousand dollars." "Well, he offered a good price, but what is his object in paying so much" asked Beasley. "Well, said Mr. Easton—the real estate man, "they have recently struck oil there and then your land corners up with a little town and it is right on the railroad and they may want it for a town site speculation as well as for oil. There is said to be some kind of mineral on it and they are wanting it now aside from its great agricultural qualities as wheat and alfalfa land.

I have a married daughter living out there and I am in position to know that this is a very valuable tract of land. Maybe it is worth more than fifty thousand dollars. Yes, I think it is worth nearer a hundred thousand dollars than it is fifty thousand dollars."

"Well then" said Beasley "I will not be in any hurry to sell it and I will see you again"—and he went on his way rejoicing. Jot had traded his airship patent which he had gotten up for use in the world war, for the land and traded "sight and unseen." The patent had come out too late to be drafted in the air service and he had thought of turning into a commercial industry, and so it looks as if now there might be a fortune in sight for both Beasley and Baker, in the land as in trading it for the Missouri lead mine which was located at Buffalo, Missouri, on the Niangua River, and Beasley was pro-

mised the trouble of being sued for making good a Warranty Deed which was outlawed for something that a fortune was hovering around.

Beasley had lost four or five hundred dollars by making a Warranty Deed from his beginning in the trading game. "What did you pay that fellow that four hundred dollars for," said a prominent real estate man in the city one day. This man who was also Jot's friend, had called this out to him from his car one day as Jot was walking down the sidewalk, and his friend stopped and pulled his car up to the curb; his wife was with him. "Why Beasley" he said "I would have backed you to the limit on that deal. You made it in good faith and the party you got it from had made you a Warranty Deed." "Yes, that is so" said Beasley, "there was no intent to defraud in the deal." "You could easily have proved that" said the friend.

He and his wife were both friends of Jot as their friendship had been formed while on the farm.

"Well" said Beasley, "I reckon I just wanted to satisfy this fellow"—and his friend went on his way laughing.

(Notes continued for book.)

Jot Beasley and the old Nase, would get into great arguments between city life and country life. This subject was brought up one morning at the breakfast table. He had looked over the morning paper and saw where the Governor of New York had come out for light wines and beers and had sat and listened to the debate on the constitutionality and validity of the laws, as chairman, and after the debate he had declared that he could not change the Volstead act; that it was now part of the Constitution, and if any of them were ever found drunk, that the law would be enforced whether the state got the light wines and beers or whiskey and all.

"Then he said something," said the old man Nase, "Whether a man or set of men—candidates for office, advocate such buncomb and rot, it is nothing but selfish interest at stake to deceive when he knows darned well (popping his fist in his hand at the same time) that it can't be carried out, and doesn't aim for it to be damn

'em, they are nothing but a set of thieves, deceivers and mollycoddles and everything else that is mean. A low down trifling set they are, trying to send the country to hell at a time when we are trying to get on our feet from the effects of the world war." I'll tell you these are trying times and it may be a question as to whether we are going to survive and get back on our feet to where we once were, or not; and it is bad enough in the bootlegging business without making it any worse that it is by declaring for it back again legally and set everybody to drinking and send our country to hell. Why, the country would go to the devil sure, if they get whiskey back. We'd have to walk over drunk men; why they'd be so durn thick that you could not pass through the public square uptown. Wouldn't that be an example to set before a civilized nation; a Christian country and little innocent children? We are not like the European nations about using the stuff; we don't have the sobriety that they have; they can drink and remain sober, but we Americans can't do it; too big fools about it to control themselves. Why it would not be safe for women and children to go anywhere; they would be afraid of meeting drunk people. I don't want to see and I don't believe the American people will allow it to come back. If they do allow it to come back it will show their weakness and I don't want to live under such rule anymore. I have faith enough in the ability of the American people to believe that they will keep it out and that the Volstead act, now a part of the Constitution, will never be changed or repealed by Congress. The majority of the American people have always been right on the great question and I believe will remain so. The abolition of slavery was written into the Constitution by Lincoln, and it is there today more firm than ever, and I don't think that the Constitutional Amendment abolishing the sale of whiskey in this country, can be wiped out of our great Constitution anymore than that slavery can be returned to. It is all done with a selfish purpose; selfish gains and rotten politics, to blindfold the people and deceive them for political ambition without the slightest intention of car-

rying it out, but the American people are getting wise to these kind of fellows. When a man comes out against established laws of the Constitution, there will come a time, if we are not yet overthrown, that the people will block him good and strong and beat him back as a back number and send him to the Reform School."

"Yes, a lot of them need to be reformed like that" said Jot, "some people are always trying to tear down what is built up for the public good instead of lending a helping hand to enforce it and make it strong. Everything at this crisis seems to be trying to crush civilization and cause decency and Christianity to retrograde instead of progressing. Why every means available can be brought out against the common people from having the power of government and deciding great questions and is being blocked and hindered. Capital is controlling prices of labor and the price of farm products and keeping the finished or manufactured articles high. Things are regulated in favor of moneyed men, but not in favor of the poor producer—the farmer and the laborer. It is now controlled against him. They want to put their feet on the laborer and farmer and keep him down; keep him ignorant and poor. The failings of the farmer are the gains of the speculators; they don't want him to organize; they want him kept in the dark; they don't want him to be able to control the prices of his farm products nor the laborer the prices of his labor; they want control of both of them and say what they shall be, but I'll tell you that the farmer and the laborers of this country are getting their eyes open as never before and while the city man is standing behind the counter figuring, and the middle man the same way bartering for his stuff at their own figures, the farmers are beginning to do their own thinking when it comes to a carload of live stock—beef cattle not paying the freight when farmers send them to market and yet meat away up yonder in the cities. Something is radically wrong. That's the way these things are—one sided and in contrast today, but let me tell you that these rugged Americans will storm the castle some of these times and a big surprise will be

awaiting some of the men with money. They will be walking the streets looking for service instead of places to invest their money and gain control.

When things are not fair, there has got to be a downfall sometime, somewhere. A ready adjustment must take place. Why a great upheaval is imminent and almost in evidence now. A great change is taking place. Why, these things of selfish interest and greed? Rascality always exerts itself in such times and then there comes their downfall.

The American people always have been equal to the occasion and able to right the wrongs and they will be able to in this case. They practically decide all great questions and always decide them rightly. A lawyer is as narrow in his views as a farmer or a laboring man. As a rule, the farmer and common laborer are broader in their views than a lawyer. His business is confined to keeping the common layman in the dark on legal matters and on becoming to understand their ability to cope with the times themselves without having to get a lawyers advice. The common people have gotten to a place where they have got to think for themselves and not allow the other fellow to do their thinking, for they will mislead them and the result is that the farmers and laborers are becoming more and more posted and will soon come into their own control of their own affairs, and they will make a stronger and a better government by it. We need harmony; we need help for one another instead of pulling against each other. The Golden Rule is the only rule that will ever survive: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you" "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Where are we today—yet that is Christ's teaching—if a man's wealth damns him and his friends and his country, then he is better off without it. Then we ought to learn the lesson here and control our wealth and not allow our wealth and riches to control us. Our government of men will fail but that government based on Christ's teachings will succeed—forever. When Christ comes in the millenium will come and help the people that can't help themselves.

If we would strive more to adopt His form He would help us more and we would become strong, but when we trust to ourselves alone to do things, we become weak and fail inevitably.

A common man will always favor the common people more with the right kind of legislation, if elected to office, than a lawyer or rich man, because he is always for their interest; he is one of them, but a lawyer or rich man, will work for that class as a rule, narrowly, for the few whether the common man has broader views, as Bryan against Tammany Hall rule; as Roosevelt against Taft and one man rule.

Roosevelt had seventy nine delegates in one of the California states and he bossed them in favor for Taft, because the Committee had the power to instruct them for Taft and took advantage of that when they should not have done that in a country like ours where the majority rules.

No wonder Roosevelt said that they were liars and thieves and stole a nomination like Tildon. Election was also stolen. We must correct these evils by improving on our government; guard it and protect it against such a class rule. Let our law abiding citizenship and Constitution rule.

I believe that the state of Florida has the greatest possibilities of any state now in the Union. California is not excepted, from the fact that you could not get in on the ground floor with a little capital.

If you would drop that wild cat trading," continued the old man Nase at the dinner table, you could go there and make more money than in any other state in the Union. Why these wildcat farms without improvements would not be fit for skunks to live on without title as most of them are, that you have been trading for. Contemplating this fact, you will be fighting titles all your life and at the same time are getting older all the time but you don't stop to think and realize that" stopping to look up at Jot Beasley with emphasis as he made the last remark. Then again, the successful trading might turn against you like gambling in Venice and the time to quit is

while the quitting is good. Either build on your twenty acre place or on something substantial and reliable, or go to Florida. Missouri is all right but there is no future here. It is a common man's country and always will be. There is no capital drifting in here to speak of. That is why I like old Ozark, Missouri, because it is a common man's country and I am a common man. You had better be contented with life; you are getting too old to go back on the farm."

Glancing at the paper again—"The month of May has twenty-one rainy days in it." "Well," said Jot, this would have been an ideal year to have been out there. He would have drawn more money that he would have made." "Yes" said Mr. Nase abruptly, "we could live in Florida and see our Springfield streams and rivers glitter to the sea." "The thing to do" he went on "is to settle one thing and not a half dozen things."

"Well" said Jot "I guess I'll have to take your advice and go to Florida but I really believe I would rather live at the source of the springs in Missouri, than live below the stream in Florida. I'd go—said he, but the trouble with me is my age and the lack of money. You could sell out and go a flying."

"Well" said Beasley "we have to take the good and bad as it comes together through life and the one that stays gathers the moss."

"Oh, we imagine sometimes that our fortunes are in other lands when if we would notice the roses bloom where we live, it would be much better." "Sometimes," said Beasley, "it pays to take a trip off to another state and it will then make our own country look bigger away from home that while we are there, and sometimes we are pretty anxious to get back. Did you ever notice that?" he asked.

"Yes," I have heard of it, he said.

The old man Nase had been loaning money for forty years and was exact in his titles and in the examination of the land, and of course would not loan money on land without seeing it, and he would ridicule Jot for trading for land and property without seeing it, but Jot kept on

trading in this way and would both win and lose in his trades; making good deals and bad deals, but he at least had made up his mind that he would quit the game and get into something saner and make sure and certain as too many risks were taken, and he had come to the conclusion as the old man Nase had said, to quit and be more fair to himself, and make the other fellow be more careful, as the day for that kind of trading was passing.

It will keep me away from other real ideals, he thought, where I can make my work in life doing something really worth while; by farming or manufacturing or going into the mill business, as he had the foundation and where-with at this time to start. His soap factory over on Center Street, was flourishing when he gave it his full time and attention and he traveled over eighteen counties adjoining, to introduce his product, but as he had just recently traded it off, he was now floundering as a fish in shallow water, to get back into something good and deep enough to absorb his time and mind, and he had begun to look wise to the girls.

One evening Jot and the old man Nase were sitting and talking as usual and the old man after apparently just emerging from a deep study said "And you went over and consulted Mr. Holmes about the house, did you?" "Yes" said Jot, "I had a talk with him about it." "What did you do that for; was not my word as good as his; could you not take my word for it?"

"Oh yes," said Jot, "but sometimes the word of several men is worth more than that of just one man. You say that a man's word is no good in a trade and your advice to me was to never make a trade without close investigation and close inspection of the property, which evidently is the safest and surest way to play safe. He tells a little different story about the house from what you do and I have quit trading for stuff without seeing it and getting at the facts, especially where good hard cash is concerned. I am taking your advice and finding out about it."

"And so" said Mr. Nase one evening at the supper table "you say that Mr. Holmes said it was just a hull of

a house?" "Yes" said Jot, "and you say he is a good carpenter so he ought to know and another man told me that this stucco put on a house would in time peel or scale off."

"Oh" said Mr. Nase "it will never come off. Why did you go over to see Mr. Holmes, could you not take my word." "Yes" said Jot, "but two men's counsel is sometimes better than one, besides you say to never take a man's word in trade. You talk about people having egotism, went on Jot, you seem to have about as much egotism as anyone. Has your word more weight than that of other men? If you want other people to believe in your word, you must take belief in theirs. You don't believe in Mr. Holmes' word and he doesn't believe in yours. You both have to be shown. You should have made sure where the line was before you built your house. You want other people to be so exact, why ain't you yourself? Be sure you are right—then go ahead. You don't know but what the entire house may be on Mr. Holmes' land; he is only contending for his rights."

"I am pretty sure that it is not," said Mr. Nase, "but the bath room, built onto the house later, is over on his land about six inches; that's a big thing for a man to fuss about, and have the gall to want it moved back. If the old part of the house should be over on his land a little he can't make me move it for it has been built there for twenty years and the law lets a man out in twenty years, so the law won't move it and it becomes mine in spite of him."

"Well, not always," said Jot. "For twenty years my father was imposed upon by his neighbor setting his fence out in the middle of the road and leaving it there. He, of course could have been prosecuted for obstructing the public highway, but he was not, for no one would prosecute him, and it went to the county court for the court was notified by some one that the fence was in the road and they sent out the county surveyor and he surveyed it and it was found that the man had just put his fence on the line. He had put it on the original line and the court notified my father to move his fence over

and he took the matter to court on the ground that twenty years held possession by peaceful possession, but the county beat my father and he had to move his fence over and after the fence was moved over, it cut off a row of apple trees and three of them into the road besides cutting off a part of the lawn in front of the house and coming right up into the yard near the door, as the lawn in front was narrow, as the house was close to the road. So, you see, they decided in that case both against the improvements and twenty years' possession, when the law was really in our favor. You can never tell how a lawsuit will end. My father did not get justice and maybe you wont. I think that in a case like that, the best way is to effect a compromise, and there is one thing about it" went on Jot, "I am not going to buy it until you settle it with Mr. Holmes, for I am not going to bring Mr. Holmes into any lawsuit if I know it."

"If you bring it, I'll settle it with him" said old man Nase.

"Well, if I bring it, you have got to settle it first" said Jot.

(Jot Beasley makes an awful talk on a world court, to old man Nase, which the old man agrees is correct.)

"Take the South African country of the Boers; now a republic but under British rule and a British possession, but formerly under German control and with the German language spoken almost entirely.

The question came up after it came into British possession as to whether it should be made an English speaking country in enforcing the English language to be used, but it was decided to allow German speech on account of the great task of changing it. Take that country, for instance, they have been carrying on war there for eight hundred years. A country rich in diamonds; the richest country of its kind in the world. First one country would own it and then another country would fight for it with no other principle at stake except that of con-

quest. That country alone, for instance, had to suffer the consequences of war because other countries wanted to rob her of her wealth. Selfishness and greed, not much if any, above barbarians; that where war comes in; robs the weak and helpless.

Why should there be a law to prohibit war and make it a crime to declare war, especially in such cases and where such principle prevails?"

America don't fight that way. She fights for humanity but she could probably gain the same end at this period of civilization if she adopted arbitration or court settlement. Humanity must be put ahead of wealth, or even property. As it stands now it is just vice versa. There is nothing to be gained by one nation robbing another living just like cannibals ready to eat one another up.

It seems as if we ought to get ahead of this, but we cannot as long as we adopt war and use it for conquest for it amounts to the same things as cannibalism; the big ones live and feast on the little helpless babes, such a weak rotten stage of civilization, but it is high time we were waking up and realizing conditions.

The greatest question that ever confronted the world is now presenting itself to the reconstruction work to protect civilization and to protect what we have gained in the world way to save the principles gained for humanity, and democracy."

"We are just like children," said old man Nase, "we have been living like idiots or serfs; slaves unto ourselves and don't know what we are doing. Why, it would make an ox laugh to stand off and watch us live. What does God think of us. Why, we can't see our iniquities; we are so wrapped up in "self" that we don't think about the other fellow at all. It looks as if something were not done to save the world, we would be gone; we are a long way from reaching perfection and we must reach it before we are recognized as establishing the Christian rule in the millenium. The sooner we reach perfection, or worthiness of Christ's coming, the quicker that will be. The meek and lowly are first and our fellow man's welfare should ever be foremost and utmost in our minds.

What are we doing to save the world? What is our duty and what are we living for. We undoubtedly have a work to do. Are we going to entrust it to the future generations when God says to do it now? Save the world from future disaster and agony of war destroying ourselves. Why, how long would it take for the human race to become effaced and extinct—by war with the modern implements of war now used. The world could be blown up in no time.

For instance: I used to be a merchant at Boonsboro—a place where David Boon landed first in Missouri after immigrating from Kentucky. People don't get enthused enough.

Enthusiasm is a great gift, and sometimes the people who have had the best advantages have the least of this superb quality which has so much to do with people's achievement.

For instance, a woman was telling me how while she was waiting one day in a store in another city, a lady came in with a child to buy some toy for his amusement. The woman gave the impression of being wealthy, and the question of expense did not seem to figure in her search. She went from counter to counter with the youngster, but nothing interested him a particle. He had either had all these toys, or they involved some effort to operate them. Finally the woman went out without buying. "I am sorry for that kid," truly remarked one of the clerks. "He has had everything and has nothing left to enjoy and he will never have any enthusiasm for anything.

Social workers in great cities often remark that children from the slum districts make the most interested listeners in their classes. Young people from good homes seem to be pampered now-a-days, they have seen and heard everything, and it is exceedingly difficult to interest and amuse them.

This sated and blase temper characterizes many people, and it makes them unattractive. It creates a cold and critical temperament which repels others and must prevent anyone from making friends.

This is a world primarily of work. There is something in the nature of things that penalizes people who just devote themselves to having a good time. They lose the zest of life. But those who take their pleasures sparingly and who find their chief rewards in doing good work and rendering service find satisfaction and enthusiasm in the contacts of daily life and simple pleasures. That makes their personality winsome, and they are more apt to win friends and success in their occupation.

Let us understand that something must be done and if no one leads the good work in the world, lead ourselves and not shift the responsibility but take pride and interest in retaining and thereby work up enthusiasm in the great cause, and the work will spread itself over the earth. We must become interested ourselves before we can interest others."

(The old man Nase reviews world conditions and the burden of war. Let's start in again in earnest.)

This country as well as Europe has undergone a change of heart and made a great sacrifice in the cause of democracy and the delegations of power to the people and overturning kings, and we don't want to backslide.

The greatest justice in the world is to keep out of war, nationally—and trouble, individually—then they will not become involved, nor subjected to any sacrifice, punishment or humility, and will have no debt to pay or burden to carry.

It's a bigger thing, sometimes, to get out than get in, for a preventive is always better than a cure. Keeping straight is easier than going crooked and taking the medicine of the consequences afterward.

"Nellie" said old man Nase, "was a mighty good natured soul. She lived on the lot where Holmes now lives in the house which he moved to the rear end of the lot beyond the garden, near the alley."

"Nellie was a colored woman and my wife thought so much of her that she would take part in the leading socials and functions of the city and the Masons would

have her cook for them and she cooked for nearly all of the socials around town. They would pay her ten dollars a night and she would always bring something nice home for us when she would return after her work was done. One day they came after her in a fine automobile and before she went she ran over here to tell my wife something, and she said with that usual kind look and smile on her face "Don't you go to bed too soon tonight." "All right Nellie," we said, "we'll wait until you get home."

That evening she cooked twenty six turkeys for the Mason's supper and about eleven o'clock, she came around to the back door and knocked. My wife knew her rap and she went and opened the screen porch door, and Nellie handed her a big dish of turkey. "I am not going to slight my good friends in a case like this. I didn't slip away either, did I, I told you to wait." We thanked her, of course for her thoughtfulness. "What a fine delicate dish of turkey." "Well, help yourselves," she said, "I must go and get to bed." "Yes, I know that you are tired, Nellie," I said. "Yes" he went on "Nellie was a good friend to us and we were good friends in the back yard." She was a church worker of the colored folks Methodist Church, I think it was, and she would have fine negro preachers come home with her to dinner. I'd bring her wood in with mine and have it brought to her and if she did not have the money at the time, she would later. Yes, she was a good caterer, as well as a good cook. She could wait on table as well. She was a good looking mulatto and with good figure. She owned the property there and traded it to the Swede for his property on the north side. Yes, she was married. She married a mulatto who is a janitor at the Colonial Hotel."

"I saw a middle aged man and a young man sitting out in the back yard last evening. The old man had on a hat and the young man had on an automobile cap. Some of their folks, I guess—Swedes, no other kind ever comes. Eva and the old folks were all out there. Nellie went to a social one night out east of here; a kind of party—they all got drunk but she waited on them and looked after them. She would not give them away or

tell on them and they all liked and trusted her. Her husband's name was Armstrong and he was a nice fellow."

Sammy Case and Willie Jones lived right across the street from the old man Nase. They had a croquet game under a big poplar tree and sometimes Sammy's sister, Bird, would play with them. Sometimes the boys would get fussy and get to quarreling and Bird would say to them "Get red now." Sammy would say "Yes, I get red when he turns his tongue loose on me." I am going to get my bicycle and coast all the way from Dollison to Kimbrough then the doughboys will coast down from Walnut on Kimbrough to Cherry, with their wheels and we always come together on the corner at the school house and have our regular bicycle race. That beat playing croquet. Then here will come Johnny Crane with his big wooly dog—who holds on to a dog's wool with his hands and he walks beside the wagon and pulls it and Johnnie in it, all over town and sometimes he just goes on a run. The dog is a great big red Scotch collie. Jot Beasley was his little nephew. One evening as he took a walk with him and Sammy Case, who were coasting down the sidewalk and in the streets from Dollison when the streets were clear. "Oh, it is better in the street—it runs smoother," said Sammy, "but you can hardly ever get fifteen minutes clear for the autos."

His nephew lived in Dollison and often went up there to visit and talk with his brother, in the evening. Jot Beasley and old man Nase had gone over Jot's trade and Nase had told Jot that it was an impossibility to make the trade for this mill which he was trying to get through. "A man is not going to turn over something after he has it, when he had already closed it out and gotten it in his own name. Why would he? He doesn't have to. He gave the owners a chance to buy it in when he advertised it to be closed at the sheriff's sale."

"You are right in a general way" said Jot, "but not in this case." Purselly is an extraordinary man and I've had a talk with him about it and he said he would

give me a chance and that he did not want to see me lose what I had tied up in the mill."

"You are a wonder to undertake it, and he is an exception to the rule," said Nase. Now if you do this I want you to tell me how he came to make you a present of the mill back after he had come into possession of it himself. Why should he go and close it out and then turn right around and do the same thing over again and take another risk." "Say" he went on, "I have heard it rumored around that those fellows who traded you the mill, as well as others, around town in the real estate business, say they want to get a chance to tie you up in some trade and get a hold on you, and they would do just like they did your uncle; get him to endorse a note over in a trade then let it go the rounds and come back on him to pay. Why, that's why Mr. Purselly, is giving me a chance he thinks I am a man and expect to pay my debts and that such people as he has been dealing with heretofore are not; they are crooks apparently, and he is trying to get ahead of them and beat them. They may want to unload something on you if you keep on trading with them. I wouldn't deal with that class of traders," said the old man, and he went on "They will dump off a big mortgage on you some time and it will throw you into a hole to pay for it whether you trade or not, or whether you keep it."

"Why" said Jot, "the law is that when you assume a mortgage and are worth it and you trade it off and it comes due on the other fellow and he is not worth it, nor any of the men who have owned it since you owned it, it will fall back on you unless you are wise enough to say in the deed you make to the man transfer it to and incorporate the statement in the deed that you assume and agree to pay all indebtedness on the land, then if you do you are clear." My uncle did not pay such a note; maybe his did not have the statement incorporated in the deed. I don't know, I'm sure," said Jot. "No other man could have traded this way with these crooks, and have come out but me."

"Why, you're not a crook," said Nase, "you talk like you are trading straight." "I am" said Jot.

"How can you be" said Nase "when you are dealing with crooks?"

"Well" said Jot "I'll tell you, dad." "I run down the titles and I run down the abstracts and I run down the crooks and I straighten them out before I am through with them, and if they are not right, I make them get right and square up, or I'll send the sheriff after them, and they usually square up before this happens." "No, I don't deal with crooks and let them work a crooked game on me. If they are not straight at first with me, they are straight before I get through with them. They'll trade blank deed and quit claim deeds and they will get around making a Warranty Deed to land that has no title and they will write exceptions in the deed until it wont be any good and at the same time, it would take an expert to notice it."

Jot and Eva went out and got the bouquet late one evening after she came from her office work at Heer's store. Jot looked out the side window in the kitchen and he saw her and her mother in the garden, and he went out to the back porch—screened door over which hung the big red cherries, and picked one or two off and ate them saying "Hello, have a cherry." "When are you going to get that bouquet" asked Jot, and presently she came over toward the roses opposite to the garden where she was standing and left her mother in the garden, as her mother said to her "Go on over and get your bouquet," so she joined Jot. They went to the rose bushes and she got some roses. Jot smelled them and said "Their perfume is so sweet and they are such a pretty deep red on one bush and scarlet and white on another." She was very proud and went on smelling them across the garden, then took them into the house and Jot went back up the steps into the house.

Jot was looking after her as she disappeared into the house, but the girl did not look back. He was following the tune of an old plantation love song—Kentucky Home

and switching off to Redwing—and Pretty as a Redbird she was, and prettier, too.

She was like a young doe, shyly tripping over the garden in her simple little frock; bareheaded and with her hair done up in rolls and braids—and Jot had the buck ague, and the love that impressed itself upon him, lingered in his mind. The old man sat in his corner reading and smoking and paid little attention to what had taken place.

Times were very quiet and Jot was just living temporarily, as he called it, in the city until he could decide on something. In the meantime making expenses by caring for the old man, and before his son had left after visiting his father, he said, "Now, Jot, I want you to take good care of my father," and Jot had promised him that he would.

The son had failed in business and had lost about twenty thousand dollars in Portland, Oregon, and he had left his wife to visit in California among her people until his return, and they had talked over their future plans before parting and had decided to make a change in the coming fall and go either to St. Louis, or California, or else remain in Springfield.

He had driven many a car up and down the great Columbia River road, dividing the states of Oregon and Washington. The Columbian Highway; the most scenic highway in the world, running down the Columbia river and following up the east Oregon source Snake river; thence down to Yellowstone National Park.

Old man Nase had just had a policy for Life Insurance mature and this would fix him and his son back in business. Jot's brother remarked to him one day after Jot had told him of the old man's good fortune, "Oh well, he will start his boy in business again only to fail again." "That's about the way it will end up," said Jot.

"People were beginning to pour into the west," said young Nase. "Well then, it must be about the same all over the country," said the old man, "Yes, said young Nase but times are better here than there. Springfield is the best little town I have seen." "Well," said the old

man, "keep up your morals, son, that is the one foremost and important thing in life; don't give up to lawlessness or immoral living but go right on and fight for the right. Remain strong for the law; for morality and for christianity. Never get weak and give over to wrong. I'll tell you, Son (popping his fists) the man that stands firm in this will come out winner and we never needed to be brave as much as we need to now. We are going through a change in the world's conditions which in time will right itself. The labor and farming classes are trying to come into control of the prices of their own wares; farm products and labor, together with the aftermath of the war, and it is not an easy thing to do. Capital has run prices of farm products and labor down—this being the basis of circulation, because it was in their power to do it.

Of course, there are always times when brains can make money by fitting into something. Class should not be arrayed against class. It takes all classes to keep the world moving. God created them to fill their places in the world. The world has been shocked and it is staggering to get back on its feet for it has been crazed by the war. Nations should become more reconciled and not array themselves against their neighbors, but accept the teachings of the Saviour.

Jot Beasley would usually say, when he went into a real estate office: "How is business? I am looking for something to exchange some of my stuff for; I generally have good stuff to trade, you know, and if it ain't good, you hav^d \$6 make it good. Guess you are always looking for suck^{ers}. I sometimes bite but like the innocent fish not to be caught. I don't bite bate with a hook attached. I'll give money or property of equal value and trade on solid rock, giving value for value. If I have property the other fellow wants, it is a mutual proposition and both are benefitted and the real estate man gets his commission. I don't give something for nothing nor do I expect it for I know from experience that there is no use."

"You wou^d not cheat or beat a man in a trade then?"

he was asked. "No, I would not unless I found that a fellow was trying to beat me; then I would head him off if I could, and if you are playing such a game I can tell you that you won't last long, and moreover, you had better get out and go to manual labor before you have to. Brains ain't to cheat because they may be stronger than the weak."

"All right, we will trade with you if you won't bite off more than you can chew." "Well, I'll take counsel on that" he would say.

"If it were in the State Real Estate office where he generally traded he would say: "Where is Bill?" He is out just now but will be back soon, would be the answer. "Oh well," he would say, "It doesn't make any difference about Bill anyway, I am looking out for myself and have got to let him do the same."

"What have you got?" Farm, mill or city property?" "Oh—a farm with a big mortgage on it and also a mill in the same condition," Jot would say. "Oh, Bill don't care anything about the mortgage, he will trade it off anyway" the real estate man would say. "Trade without the mortgage?" You mean that that word if adhered to would soon dump your business in the junk heap and you on the road to failure." Well, we would be in a position then to go at honest work and cut out the middleman. You fellows want to trade direct with each other anyway, and there is no business any more. If it was not for my little farm and city houses or business buildings, I would not be here; the office is not paying expenses."

"Let's go fishing" said Jot.

That night Jot told the old man Nase what had taken place in the office. "I'd be blamed if I'd spend my time with such fellows. Why don't you come around to our office when you want something. We do a big legitimate business there and have the finest office in the city on the second floor of the Holland Building—right on the square."

"Oh, they are good friends" said Jot. "Friends nothing" said the old man, "they would betray their best

friends. Why, they would betray their Saviour, I would not trust them for anything."

"I've held my own pretty well, ain't I?" said Jot. "Darn it, why don't you do as I say?" said Nase.

The phone rang and Mr. Nase went on, "I can't hear. Oh, Jot, come here and talk, I can't hear. Jot took the receiver saying "I'll answer and you talk; I'll tell you what they say." "Hello" came the voice which was that of a lady. "Hello, what is it?" asked Jot. "What is it?" asked Nase. "This is the Union Telegraph office and we want to know what disposition to make of a message to your son Arthur Nase. Is he there?" Jot repeated this to the old man. "Why" said the old man "send it out to me; I'm his papa." "We can't do that," said the voice, "we want to know his present address and we will forward the message." Jot repeated it to Mr. Nase. "Tell them Portland" he said. "Here let me talk—well go ahead." Then came back the voice "I can tell you what it is. It is a condolence message from his friend about his mother's death," Jot repeated it to him. "All right, thank you" he said.

Sometimes I would go in and the manager of the States Land Co., would reach up over his desk and get down a sword and sit there a few minutes as still as a mouse with a smile on his face, and say—looking Jot in the face: "I want you to trade some with us today" drawing the long keen bright sword from its sheath and giving a stroke and then a jerk or stick, then give it a boring twist "How would you like to have that used on you?" he would say smilingly. "Not me" said Jot, with a grin.

Pointing it at him he would say "Are you going to trade?" "What do you want to trade" asked Jot. "Anything" said the manager with a solemn cast on his face. Holding the sword out, he would often say "I'll give you five minutes—let me see that knife." "It is a mighty pretty—yes, and mighty powerful too. "Well I don't want you to use it on me" said Jot—let me see it. Ain't that fine, tho', said Jot, as he glanced down the long bright keen blade; I mean good metal. I always had considerable opinion of a sword. They always make

the cold chills run over me to look at one, and I have a kind of cold, distant opinion of a man that keeps one." "That's what I keep it for" said the manager, "to get fellows in here and lock the door and make him trade at the point of the sword."

"His way, or yours" asked Jot. "Ours, of course" answered the manager.

"I was standing in the rotunda of the Holland Building" said the old man Nase to Jot Beasley, one evening after supper, and the leading banker of the Holland Banking Company said "How are you, Mr. Nase?" I said "Oh, pretty well, thank you—how are you?" "Well," he said, "I am worried over financial affairs of my own; not of the Bank. I have two hundred thousand dollars in New York and I can't get it and I need it here." "Oh" I said, "you don't need to worry about that." "I don't?" He said. "It is not a summer breeze to have that much money out and not be able to get it." "You had better keep it here" I told him. "Yes" we need it now to loan the people here. We have to turn down loans every day for lack of funds. All the banks are the same way; they were offered a high rate of interest in the east and the money all went east and left us short at home. The Federal Reserve Banks protected us by allowing us plenty of reserve funds on hand to protect ourselves from going broke, but left us without any of our own resources to loan our patrons. Hence, hard times—and so much out we can't collect."

"Why the farmers can't pay anything; not even the interest on their loans. About three-fourths of them are now in bankruptcy—if they would admit it, but they keep holding on, hoping for things to get a better price. They have to sell. Nobody has money on the farms now, but the women folks get it for their turkeys and chickens and they come to the bank and want some money until they sell their turkeys and they always pay it back.

When a woman promises—she always pays. Why, they get ten dollars for a turkey; more than the farmer does for steers or hogs. The business men are beginning to feel the depression of the farmer, I'll tell you. The

farmers have been the backbone of our bank and I am sorry to have had to disappoint them."

The old man had come in from town wet. It had rained on him all the way home. "Damn such a country" he said. "Don't blame the country, blame yourself" said Jot, "blame yourself." "You take a nap at ten o'clock and one at two o'clock and eat and read and write letters, and do you expect it to wait on you and rain just whenever it suits you without taking other people into consideration at all? You have lots of egotism and a great opinion about yourself. God can't favor us mortals in everything, if He did, He would not do anything but try to please us and then He could not do it for some of us would want one thing and some another. One would want it to rain today others next week, so nobody would be pleased." "I know all that, why that's a thousand years old. Why don't you tell me something I don't know?" "I don't know whether I can or not," said Jot, "they say there is nothing new under the sun." "Oh," he said "them strawberries I ate for supper have soured on my stomach and make me belch. They ain't fit to eat; there is no food in them anyway, they just taste good that's all." A fly buzzed about him "I wish we could keep them durned screens shut tight." "Don't ever leave them open, Jot, when you go out; better keep them shut and never go out after all." "Let me talk a little," said Jot, and you listen and let me talk." "Ain't I the boss or are you the boss? Can't I tell you anything at all. You have more damned egotism in you than any man I have ever seen." "We all have that" said Jot "that's where you certainly shine, old man. I expect your ego and self esteem has been the main stay of your life as well as of mine."

"I believe it is going to be pretty hard for you to pull through down on the farm," said the old man after a long silence. "Well, I don't know" said Jot, "everything is hard to manage now. Dark days come but brighter ones follow." "That's all true" said Nase, "I don't know anything—you know it all." "No, it's not that, Dad" said Jot "a man can sometimes be too fast and sometimes too slow. The farmers were too fast buy-

ing farms when they were high and they may be too slow in buying them now when they are cheap. Buy cheap and sell high; not buy high and sell low" said Jot, "that opportunity is now." "Yes" if he don't have to wait too long for the wave of prosperity to come" said Nase. "I lost a farm once by waiting" said Jot, "I got there a day too late and it was sold from under me; the mortgage took it."

He was staying at the home of a friend in the city and the friend wanted him to stay on there but he was offered a position as traveling man for a paint house at a big salary. He was thinking at this time quite seriously of building a house on his land in the country and making his abode there. As he had only five days in which to decide what to do, his decision must be quick and final, as conditions and circumstances could not be altered after the decision was made as other men were ready to fill the places if he did not accept.

He had purchased a mill at a distant town in an adjoining county and he had also made a trade for a friend. The deal was disappointing to his friend and he was dissatisfied with the property he got and wanted to trade back and was trying to hold him responsible for making it. The man with whom he had traded would not trade back, however, and more problems were made than he could solve within the time in which he had to act, and the necessity for quick action was great. Time was short.

He and his brother had made a flying trip by automobile, to the country and had nearly run into a car as it turned the corner coming from behind a hill; an embankment obscured the view. The driver whirled his car suddenly and barely missed the car they were in, but the fellow's dog, which was sitting on the running board of the car, was thrown off with such force that it was thrown in front of the other car and was run over, but was not hurt. The lady driver ran over the dog and the other car had a blowout at the same instant and she said as she stopped her car and looked back at the



dog, is he killed. She thought it was a gunfire the other car occupants proved to be her brotherinlaw.

Mr. Nase, the old man with whom Jot was making his home while staying in the city, wanted to sell him his house which was located on Cherry St., the place of their abode, as he wanted to go west to Portland, Oregon, to his son and spend his remaining days with him. They were planning to go down to California near Los Angeles. Later as his son had failed at Portland in the automobile business and desired to change location. Then too it was a milder climate at Los Angeles for the old man, his father.

Meanwhile Jot was staying there only temporarily until such time as he could do better and was caring for the old man, cooking and eating on the side was about all Jot was doing.

For the time being, he was planning to get himself a farm and live in the country as his previous life had been spent mostly on the farm and he was planning on building on a part of the old home estate, which was being divided among the heirs. The estate was just twelve miles west of the city, at the corner of the Bois D'arc, Ash Grove and Springfield road where the Republic road intersected at the little school house, called Wyandotte, just two miles from Bois D'arc, the trading post.

"What do you think about buying me out" said the old man to Jot one evening. "Well, I think favorable of it, but I am now not fully decided since Jennie has become engaged." "That dampens the kindling, don't it?" said the old man. "Yes" said Jot, "but the girl at the store looks good."

"Well" said Jot, "what will you take?" "I'll take twenty-five hundred and if you can get a better location in the city I will make you a present of it; that is for anything like the price." "Yes" said Jot, "but the house is small and the lot narrow; only three narrow rooms running lengthwise and two rooms upstairs, and" continued Jot before the old man had time to say anything, "the lot extending back to the alley is scarcely wide enough for a truck to get in with coal and if it did, it

could not turn around on the same lot after reaching the coal shed, it would have to back in and out; that is where the old gentleman Holmes, whose garden adjoins your lot happens to decide not to allow you to turn on his garden as you have heretofore been doing, and you know that privilege which Mr. Holmes has been granting you could not always last. It is just because you are old and left alone by the death of your wife, that he allows you to do this.

Aunt Nellie Jemima—the colored lady, when she owned the lot always let me turn on it in the winter time and that is the only time I need to bring coal in, but of course, I would never turn on one's garden whether it be a colored person or a white one. I would wheel-barrow the coal in from the street first."

"Well" said Jot "that shows good manhood and principle in you." "That's the only kind I ever had" said the old man. Jot went on "Have you and Mr. Holmes ever settled the question that has arisen between you over the fudging or encroachment, of the last addition of the House; the bathroom which was built six inches over on his lot." "No" said Nase "we have not settled that yet. He says that I need be in no hurry about it as he wants to buy it and should he do so, he would never change it."

"No, I suppose not," said Jot, "but suppose I would buy it then he would want it changed and the house moved over. That's human nature, you know, and I would not buy it until it was fully and definitely settled beforehand." "I will settle that if you buy it in tho" he argued "besides I will throw in the furniture and you can rent it for forty dollars a month easy. I am offering you this at a price I would not offer to anyone else because you are making your home here and living and caring for me. That is why I am doing this and I would rather you would have it than anyone else, that's the reason why I am pricing it so cheap for I am making it to you for a thousand dollars less than I would offer to anyone else." "I appreciate that, Dad" said Jot "and besides, the Swede, Mr. Holmes, next door, will give me as much as anyone else. He said he would and he

wants it and you had better get that house moved off his land before I buy it, for if he wants it and don't get it, he would make me take it off as soon as he found out that I had bought it." "Oh yes" said Nase "I will have it surveyed and get the line correct then and if it is over on his land, I will have it cut back. "Maybe all the house is a little over on his line" said Jot. "Oh no it ain't" said the old man "if it is it is mine now because it has been built twenty years and the law protects the owner and he cannot be forced to move it for it has been built twenty years, so that part is settled." No, it is just the late addition to the house that is over, if any of it is.

Jot went over to Holmes' one day and had a talk with him about the house. "Well" said Jot "how much do you think the old man's house is worth?" "Oh" said Holmes "are youse going to buy it?" "Yes" said Jot, "I am thinking a little about it." "How much are you going to gif for it?" Holmes asked. "I am paying twenty-five hundred for it" said Jot. "Dat iss too mooch for it" said the Swede. "Oh no" said his wife "not wid the furniture thrown in, iss it?" "Yes it ees" "It is just a hully of a house." "Oh, it is not much house" said his wife "but it can be fixed up and wid de furniture, it might do for you to live in, but not for young folks." "Oh, if I would buy it" said Mr. Holmes, "I wud not pay more dan what de lot ese worth; I would not value de house wirf anyding." "Oh yes, it is wurf someting" said Mrs. Holmes, "not much" said Holmes, "you would have to spend a lot of money on it, etc. I would just tear it away if I was to buy it and build a new one."

"Would you force me to move the house off back if I buy it?" said Jot. "Yes" said the swede, "I would because I have no more land that I want, but I told Mr. Nase I would not want him to move it as long as he lived there and kept the place fur himself." "That is very kind of you to treat an old gentleman with such respect and consideration" said Jot.

"Are you really intending to buy it?" asked Jot. "No,

not exactly, said Holmes, "but I might. I wode not gafe more dan two tousand dollars for it."

Mr. Nase's son from Portland had visited him and had just returned and Mr. Holmes inquired if Arthur had gone back. Jot informed him that he had returned and that he had come back to live with Mr. Nase as they preferred to have me stay rather than anyone else as he had been with Mr. Nase before the boy came and they thought he could take care of him better than any one else.

"Oh, I could get more money, but it is a good place for a home and I am located just temporarily in the city and I am intending to build and locate on the farm again."

"Oh, you have a farm?" "Oh yes, but I have got to build a house and get a woman. I am not intending to be a bachelor permanently."

Presently their daughter Eva, came in. She was a girl of about twenty-five summers. "How do you do, Mr. Beasley" she said as she entered the house. "It has been a warm day, hasn't it?" "Yes" he replied, "but it has cooled off nice since the little blow over." "Yes, it is very pleasant now," she said. She was an easy going girl; earnest and diligent and she was Mr. Heer's private secretary and he was the owner and manager of one of the largest stores in Springfield. She was very amiable and agreeable and sociable when once acquainted with a person but inclined to be shy at first. She was a blond with a round face and beautiful blue eyes; of fine build and medium height; round and plump and as lithe as a young doe or velvet footed lion.

She gazed wonderingly and innocently at the powerful, strong and attractive young Beasley as she came back into the room.

She would have appealed imploringly but would not have browbeaten (No, she was not of that kind) as her father in his weaker personality would have done.

She had been present when Mr. Holmes had said that he would force the man that bought the Nase house to cut it down and cut it away off his land. Yes, it should

be cut away or pushed back about twelve inches in the clear, Mr. Holmes had said. He resumed his conversation on the subject and said "It is six on me, that would give me a space to play on." The girl looked wonderingly at her father in the most innocent way. "Was he fudging over a little on you or was it a mistake?" inquired Jot. "I don't think he knew where the line was" said Mr. Holmes. It seems he should have been more exacting and careful than that," said Jot "for he is so particular in everything he wants done and does himself." "Yes" went on Jot, that is about as big a mistake as I ever heard of; building a house on the land of someone else" and Jot laughed at his own remark as if he were saying it because it was both singular and funny—and they all laughed. "Well" said Jot, "I was offered a job on the farm at Ozark at \$1.25 a day and board. The fellow wanted me to go right on home with him. I told him that I couldn't leave the old man by himself without a moment's notice and would not do it. Why I could have had the paint job at \$1500.00 a year to sell paint but I turned that down on the old man's account." "Fifteen hundred dollars a year?" asked Holmes. "Yes" said Jot "and expenses advanced." "Well" said Mr. Holmes "you tink more of Mr. Nase than most folks would."

Mr. Nase was loaning money for a living and had been loaning it for forty years. "Well" Mr. Nase asked a few days later, "How do the boys talk about it?" "They say" said Jot "that they believe I had better build on my twenty acres." "Oh pshaw!" said the old man "They want to get you away off yonder. What did the Swede say?" "They didn't say much" said Jot, Mrs. Holmes said that Mrs. Nase was a fine lady." "Yes" said the old man, "no one ever had anything to say to the contrary." "You're a wonder," said the old man "you can lose a deal and then gain it back."

One night the old man Nase was in a very talkative mood and said: "Well, Jot, I want to tell you about the boyhood life of my son Arthur." "All right" said Jot "I want to hear it."

"When we lived on Elm St., in the country like" said

the old man, "Arthur had some of the finest chickens I ever saw. Kindly white with black fringe on their tails; they were Japanese bantams, the kind of stock Arthur would take out on the lawn; take off his hat and motion with his hat in his hand to a rooster and he would fly straight to him and alight on his head, sit and crow. The people passing along the road would just wonder and stop to watch him. Once he grew a big pumpkin in the bark of a tree. He put the vine across the bark of the tree and the pumpkin grew to be of tremendous size. He made a sort of shelf and stood up props for the pumpkin to rest on and by George, I never seen anything attract as much attention as that did. People would look and wonder as they passed by about a pumpkin growing from a tree, and after we moved over here, he went into the stamp collecting business and had a collection of foreign stamps from nearly all over the world.

He would see every foreigner in the city of all nationalities, and ask them about their country and they would all get letters from home and he would ask them for the stamps. Then too, he had an uncle living in St. Louis, and he would send him a collection from there as many foreigners came to St. Louis.

He finally sold his collection to a stamp collector for a big sum for he was always projecting at something like that when a boy. Then he took up bird study and made a collection of their eggs and he had a great long tray, or case made, containing the different kinds of eggs which represented the different kind of birds that inhabited this region. In many instances he had their nest, eggs and all in the tray together with the names of the birds, and I'll tell you it was just something fine and wonderful to look at.

Then he and several other boys, including Holland Keet, were down on the James River in swimming, and one of the boys was about to go down in a suction in the river; a kind of under current in the river, and he, my son Arthur, was near him and grabbed him with one hand and at the same time grabbed hold of an Elm limb

that swung out over the river, and with the other hand he held the boy until the other boys could get some logs and plank them together and make a kind of float, or raft, to come in after him. They soon had their float tied together and got some long poles to ferry it out with and they came in and got the boy and took him out on the float, but Arthur was pretty tired but they managed to save his life anyway."

"Now" went on the old fellow, "I'll tell you about my real estate ventures before I came down here—that was when I lived at Fayette, Howard County. My friend, a bank president,—president of the same bank of which I was vice president, was an administrator of an estate down at Rich Hill. He had farmed out a lot of stock cattle, and sent me down to get the cattle on pasture and look after other things. 'I'll just go along with you,' he said 'as there is a boom on at Rich Hill. They are just building a railroad in there and George Gould is to be there tomorrow, and besides, the coal fields are just beginning to open up and that place is going to boom.' 'We'll go down and buy some lots tomorrow in connection with our estate affairs.'" "Alright" I said 'we will, and we went. Tents were pitched thickly all around the place and new boxed shanties were being erected and store buildings and residences were going up. There were some pretty good frame buildings—and the place was very small then. We bought lots that night for one hundred dollars, and sold them the next morning for seven hundred dollars each.

We made money hand over fist. I never saw such time. George Gould had four thousand men at work there and things were lively. Good morals in the place too. Nowadays when a town booms thro' the discovery of oil or something of the kind, there is all kinds of immorality that follows such a boom, and a lot of damn put on, or show stuff fakers to get your money—and soon."

"Yes" I was raised in Dan Boon Country, near where he landed when he came from Kentucky; near the old salt lick spring called Boonboro, where I ran a store for

years at Boonsboro. My wife was a descendent of Daniel Boone."

"My son ventured into the west as he was of a roving and exploring nature like old Daniel Boone himself. He drifted to El Paso, Texas, down on the border where the Mexican and cowboys come together. They fear the Texas ranger, they say, and believe they can whip the United States, but they don't know what about Texas. No, they don't care anything about tackling Texas. He was a reporter on the El Paso Times, for a time and traveled all over the west in the interests of that paper, also thru Old Mexico and crossed the Mexican desert. The sand storms at one time covered up his car and completely buried it in the sand, and he was there for days without help of any kind or anything to eat. Finally one day an airship sailed over where he was and sighted him. He waved at it and it circled about and came down and gave him food and water and helped him shovel the sand away from his car and he was able to travel on his way.

He went through the family collection of pictures while here and made selections and he sat there for three days pondering over those pictures. He selected what he wanted to keep and put them in his trunk."

The old man Nase then reached over his desk and got a little baby shoe and said "There is Arthur's shoe when he was a baby. His mother saved everything that way with her relics, but when Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Taylor cleaned up the upstairs and overhauled it, they carried the shoes out with other things and put them in the coal shed and I could not find but the one which I have saved."

Then Mr. Nase began again: "We made another trip to Rich Hill later. George Gould was there and we stopped at the Talmadge Hotel. I and my banker friend, wanted the best room in the hotel. 'Oh, said the landlord, 'The best rooms are taken but for a little money I can fix it up.' 'Money is nothing' we said 'we want to live as we do at home.' 'Alright' he said 'I'll give you the parlor. They had everything to eat including beef and

prairie chicken. Why the prairie chickens were as thick as they could set on a warm fence for a mile between Rockville and Rich Hill."

"They had built a saloon there and they had a big fine piano set away up on a high platform in the back end of the saloon and they kept a fellow there playing it all the time. Bod and I (the banker) hired a sleigh and took a sleigh ride and when we got away out and on our return, we could see the big engines, or locomotives, away across the prairie on the new railroad with the new brass shinning and Bod said 'look away yonder at them engines—the greatest civilizers of the age.'"

Mr. Nase was one of the most efficient men in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co., had in the United States, and was one of the oldest living in the business and he was still actually engaged in their work and well versed in the different kinds of sales and a good judge of farms. He had loaned over three million dollars on farms and had never lost a cent of the Company's money—either in interest nor principal.

"I would have been worth dollars to cents, if I had went on the farm" he said to Jot one evening. "Well I would like to go back" said Jot, where I could wear out some of my old clothes. I came to the city too late in life to make a town dude."

"I notice that you don't dress up much" said Mr. Nase. "I haven't got city broke yet" said Jot, "if I stay I am going in for town styles and marry one of these city girls, but I don't know what I could do with them on the farm." "Oh" said the old man "a city girl is delighted to go to the country" "and a country girl is delighted to go to the city," broke in Jot. "Some of them make good and some of them become dissatisfied to live in the country" said the old man. "My cousin married a city girl and she makes good on the farm; she thinks it is great and takes a great interest." I am somewhat like a farmer friend who lived over south on Sac River, said to be the wealthiest farmer in the county, and he met a friend in the city and said: "My friend, let us go east Christmas. Let's go in here and pick us out a fine suit

to wear back there and go back and spend Christmas with the old folks."

"Alright" said the farmer, who was then very commonly dressed, "I don't get only what I eat and wear any way, and you know I never wear much."

They went in and his friend picked out a forty dollar suit and the farmer one for twenty dollars, and the farmer could have bought two such men out and had plenty of money left. One day he was walking across the square and a fellow townsman met him and wanted to hire him. "Oh" he said, "I guess I have to go on a job."

"Oh, I'll tell you the woman is needed in politics" said the old man as he started a new subject, "the woman is needed to guard against whiskey. Why I don't believe they will ever let it pass back again any more than the French and Allies would allow the Germans to pass on their march to France."

The little girl who stood on the saw-dust floor of the saloon and helped her father go home as the town clock which hung in the steeple, struck one, is a warning of the sadness that would return to some homes. Why I had a nephew who lived in St. Louis years ago. He would line up with these labor agencies and go down on the Mississippi River in a snag boat and get drunk. His folks never heard from him unless he got into trouble and sent home for money or something. Well, he joined the army. They fixed him up and watched him at his father's request and made a man of him and he came back a sober man."

The old man Nase had staked his son and started him in business in Portland, the town of his choice, and had mortgaged his home to raise the money for him, but the boy had failed and he had to sell it to pay the mortgage off.

"Well" said the old man, as he continued talking, "getting back to the farmers, they have hills and vales; good prices and low prices. When price gets too high the fall comes and I guess your friend farmer knew that and he tried to keep himself about the same all the time and

tries to lay up something for the falls. This prepares him to withstand the shock in any adverse changes and we all have to look for that in all lines. Even now, capital is not moving in the business world as it should or as it might have done, because of the high income taxes and a safer investment in government bonds for ready capital, so when the government gets out of debt and these bonds quit drawing interest, the holders then will have to seek trial investments and go to work. This is what circulates money and makes times." "You are right" said Jot.

The next morning one of the firm came by to talk over the matter of a loan to a farmer while on his way up town to his office.

The old man heard the door bell and went to the door. "Come in, Mr. ———, have a seat. Will you have a cigar?" "No thanks," said his partner, "I have two in my pocket but I don't smoke for thirty minutes after I eat."

The old man had just lit his pipe and was puffing away at it as he went on: "My friend, the banker up at Fayette, was a great smoker, and he thought it was hurting him or affecting him in some way, and he advised with the doctor about it. The doctor told him not to smoke for thirty minutes after eating. I was talking to him at the hotel and he had his fine Swiss watch in his hand, looking at it awaiting the time to smoke, while talking to me.

Jot went over to see Eva Holmes. That evening they looked over her collection of photographs, verses, etc., and she told him of the sun never setting for six months in Switzerland, and how it circled around the horizon continually and constantly eating at regular intervals and sleeping certain hours. The sun does not shine directly overhead, she said like it does here; it travels around the horizon. They were very interesting to each other. She told him how the firm's business was growing in spite of the depression and about the details of the business of the management, and of the buying and sales, as the private secretary of the head of the great firm of

the Heer Drygoods Stores," "A pretty high position" said Jot. "Yes, one of the most important in the establishment" she said. At Norway, the sun just swings around the horizon. Now at Stockholm, it rises about two o'clock. I forget what time it sets, anyway my uncle at Stratford, over east of here, came over here when he was a boy and ran a store out here at Stratford, and amazed a fortune and concluded he would go back on a visit. He thought he would just wait and buy him a new suit of clothes when he got to Stockholm, so on arriving there one evening, he went to a tailor shop and told them he wanted a new suit of clothes. "Oh, embark from America," he inquired. "Yes, but I am a Swede come home for a visit." "Yes, sir." "Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Holmes, we don't have any ready made suits here in Stockholm, they are all made to order right here but I can take your measurements and have it ready sometime tomorrow." "Alright," he said. He went to the hotel and went to bed and the next morning he heard wagons and horses on the streets and looked at his watch and it was just two o'clock and the sun was shining thro' the window.

On the following evening Mr. Nase said he wanted to talk about the conditions of farmers at this time and when land and farm products were high.

"Why, the Galaway farm out at the end of the National Boulevard, was for a while one of the finest and best kept up farms in the county, and it is fine yet, but the big steel gates are sagging and rusting. Why when I first went out there, a few years ago, the gates would fly open when we would drive up to them and shut themselves automatically, after we got inside. Why, when I loaned in Howard County before I came down here, they were spending large amounts of money on their farms there on the Missouri River country and even so far southeast as Saline county and other counties and east and west of there, which has some of the finest farm land in the state of Missouri, known as the made lands. Why, you can dig down in that soil for from ten to twenty feet deep and it is the same all the way down. It does not

wash away much if properly looked after and is the finest blue grass and clover land in the world and the finest wheat and corn land; easily cultivated and it will stand a drought; the dry weather, I mean, better than any land I ever saw. It is just crumbly and loose and spongy all the way down; no stone or rock of any kind in the way at all. Oh my! what land it is; even the hills surrounding are the same; the soil is just as deep on them for the same nature and all cultivates as fine, or finer, than the finest bottom land you ever saw. This land was washed there from the northwest, from the Rocky Mountains years and centuries ago, and the winds blew up the hills at a time when the dirt was dry and loose and a place, possibly a weed or bunch of wild prairie grass or other lodgement, would drift and lodge there and the soil sand and dry dirt would lodge against it and it would grow into a mound, then a hill.

I remember I was on the train one day, going out into the country, with two or three other fellows from the home town, and we suddenly came down the valley. I think we were going up to Fayette, that was while I lived in the county. One of the boys happened to sit down by a stranger, just as they were passing the Bogg's Farm. "Whose farm is that." It was Sheriff Gilson I believe recently elected that was sitting by the stranger. "Whose farm is that?" asked the stranger. "That is the McCullough Farm" said the sheriff, "a fellow from Iowa recently bought it. "You're a liar" said Boggs, who occupied a seat right across the car from them. "Oh, excuse me," said the sheriff I thought that was the McCullough Farm." "Ah, you knew that was my farm. You just lied" said Boggs. They were the best of friends but were just having some fun with the stranger. The farm was one of the finest and best improved in the country; the house alone costing twenty thousand dollars, and great barns and fine fences. Buildings were all newly painted and he had made lots of money out of it—to keep it up. Fine groves of big walnuts and hickory trees with a fine orchard and stocked with fine cattle. That man must make lots of money there." "He does"

said the sheriff, "he lives like a lord." "Do I look like a lord" he asked kindly unconcerned. "You can't tell much about man by his looks," said the sheriff.

"Well" said Jot, "I had a time last evening over there with the Swede." "With the girl, you mean" said Nase. "Yes, I mean the girl." I saw her and you gather my bouquets the other day in the back yard. You did, from the upstairs?" "Yes." "Well, I'll tell you dad, she is the smartest cleverest girl I ever met." "Oh, yes, she has to be" he said "to hold her position like she has." "She is a popular kind of a girl. She is the kind of a girl that would not turn down other friends because she was entertaining one; she would entertain them all—at one time.

You will be creeping over there pretty often now, said dad Nase.

In the Galloway county south of the city and between the city and the James River lays the most beautiful country the eye of mankind ever beheld with its vast stretch of rolling prairie and border of wooded hills, green fields, beautiful parks, on the road of which lies the National Cemetery to which the great National Boulevard leads from the city.

Jot Beasley frequently wandered along this way and lingered with nature and its fulness to the river and beyond. Many times he would stroll alone past the great state terminal, the source and center of the basic principle and precepts of civilization. Education in this quiet solemn aspiration with the great trail constantly alive on one hand and the stillness of nature on the other. When the cars were swiftly gliding by with their gleeful and cheerful occupants on their way to recreation on the James or White Rivers, all this told Jot Beasley that mankind in his hurried state of modern life was equipping himself for high life, commonly called sport, with all the provisions of the combination of nature and the resources of the arts and sciences of mankind, and while the cars hummed like the busy bees on their journey to the hives with the honey, were using their money in seeking the pleasures of life without seemingly any con-

sideration of the hardships the future might bring by extravagant cost and drain on the resources and ability to support and feed such consumers of costly products to afford the power spent for this luxury and still maintain the tranquility or supply of harmonious production of the feed or native power commonly called juice, without overdrawing on nature's source of supply and demand and prevent exhaustion.

Rubber and oil, which was as necessary as the food and raiment for the body which was more than double to cost of the passing generation. The question naturally arose in Jot Beasley's mind was that the powers of production enough greater among the people of the time to support the double in the cost of living in the modern way. He believed in his own mind that it was not, and that the ability and resource of income or production of mankind was not equal to the expenditure and this was the cause of the hard times, for even at this time some of these luxury and pleasure seekers were living so far ahead of their means that they were losing their farms and homes both in the country and the city.

The paramount thing, thought Beasley, as he pondered over the situation in his own mind, talking only to nature in its unspeakable quiet, sublime way, as it lay perfectly still with both teeming and dormant life hidden in its solitude, while man was taxing her to the utmost and overdrawing on her fullness and resources even without complaining to him to replenish her life with that sustaining substance, rest, and supplication and to repay the debt, but the robbing and taxing was going on at a mighty pace without provision or replenishment for the future. Where would it end, thought Jot, while the airships sailed overhead, both air and land was alive with artificial life. Jot liked the real kind to harmonize with nature they hoped to gain by hoping for higher prices for farm products and labor. Some change would have to come, he thought, or the pressure would become too hard to bear and a greater crisis would come to drive them back to primitive living.

As old man Nase said, "It is the swiftness and discon-

tentment of the age, at the cost of self exhaustion for pleasure rather than to be content with right living.

The nation was profoundly grieved, and together with the world was in deep mourning from the news of the kidnapping of several American tourists traveling in China, by Chinese bandits. Their demands were of such a nature as to involve the Chinese government and make them responsible for their release, but it was slow and tedious business on account of the governments involved having to go thro' the diplomatic processes and the Chinese government would then in turn, have to communicate the settlement or make terms of release of the captives, and it seems that the bandits were more powerful than the government since the government had to make terms satisfactory before they would release the prisoners.

It was a sad affair indeed, as reports came while held in captivity that threats were being made of the throwing of the prisoners off of cliffs, including women and children until the world, including America, became alarmed and rushed settlement holding the Chinese Empire responsible for the safe keeping and release. The good news flashed suddenly throughout the world and to America when the final settlement was reached and the prisoners released. It was certainly glad tidings.

"I see they had one of our men up at Hannibal in the trap over there" said old man Nase. "J. B. Powell, of Hannibal, Mo. I'll tell you they were getting pretty close to home. Damned uncivilized race" he went on must be heathens. Slow progress among that doctrine of Buddhism and Mohammedism. "There is only one Christ for the world," said Jot Beasley, "and where they don't accept Him or haven't accepted Him as their Saviour, they hold to old customs and traditions and blind to progress and remain in a state of latent form and primitive modes which they have held on to and practiced for thousands of years—possibly millions. Ignorant of the modern methods of civilization and it is a great question even among civilized countries, to cope with the problem of China. It is claimed that the Chinese

Empire was once a flourishing nation in civilization and that they could not live and thrive with so thick and dense a population because of the mechanical problem taking their labor away from them through advanced methods and that they had to discontinue the making of machines that did the labor of so many men and go back to the old labor and hand methods which there may be more truth than poetry in, for it is a question whether they could use the modern methods and live there or not. They don't do it even in Europe. They still have their reap hooks; cut their wheat by hand for they just have a little patch like a garden spot and could not use an American binder.

Of course, there are a few large estates that use them but commonly they don't. They keep their ground rich and productive and it don't take much to make them a living.

In America we want to make lots of money, for we spend lots, constantly looking forward with our heads raised and an eye single for accomplishment.

If China would adopt western civilization with its vast area of land and territory and immense population, it might develop into one of the greatest and most powerful nations of the earth.

China is a long way off, and some folks think conditions over there don't affect America much. Yet, when you reflect on how intimately the nations are tied together now, it becomes a serious matter when the 320,000,000 millions of that country, nearly one-fifth of the population of the world, have no settled government.

China has sent many young men to American colleges, and most of them have made a splendid record and show ability. But they are only a small power in the great disorganized mass. The nations look covetously to the markets of China, and if these folks ever get modernized, they constitute a tremendous business opening.

The more advanced nations should give China every chance to develop, and try to strengthen its central government so it can assert itself over this vast country now largely ruled by lawless chieftains and bandits.

CAPTIVES ARE FREED BY BANDITS

Strange scene enacted as American mediator made plea for release of foreign prisoners.

Eight bearded shabby men, four of them Americans, the last of the twenty-seven foreign prisoners captured by Chinese bandits from the Shanghai-Peking Express near Suchow, May 6th, arrived at the Tung Hsing mines near Tsao Chwang this afternoon. They came down the mountain from their prison on Paotzuku in the temple of the clouds in Sedean chairs, on donkeys and some walking, with an escort of outlaws.

At the mine as they came down they saw the last of their brigand posts and were joyfully greeted by crowds of relatives and friends who had gathered to welcome them.

Baths and clothing and food were awaiting and on a railroad siding stood a special train, ready to take them to Tsao Chwang.

Proceed to Shanghai

It is expected that all, or the majority of the eight will proceed to Shanghai tomorrow. The eight members of the ragged remnant of the original twenty-seven are: Americans: Major Roland W. Pinger, U. S. A., Manila; S. L. Friedman, Chicago and Shanghai; J. B. Powell, Hannibal, Missouri and Shanghai; Lee Solomon, San Francisco and Shanghai.

British: R. H. Rowlatt, Birmingham, Eng. and Tien Sin; Fred Elias, Shanghai.

French: Emile Gensburger, Shanghai.

Italian: G. D. Musso, Rome and Shanghai.

The closing scene of the six and one-half weeks of negotiations for the prisoners' release was stated with all the Chinese love of formality.

THE STAGE IS SET

The stage was the village of Tsilliho, 15 miles from Tsao Chwang and two miles down the mountainside from the prison, located in the Temple of the Clouds on the slope of Paotzuku. In the center of the group of bandit chieftains, and Chinese officials stood Roy Anderson, American, long familiar with Chinese customs, and the chosen intermediary both of the outlaws and the Peking government.

Armed with a commission as personal representative of Tsao Kun, powerful Chihli military leader and inspector general of Shantung Province, and possessing full authority from Tsao to put up the guarantees demanded by the brigands, Anderson opened the final session. Accompanying him were Wen Shih Tsen, commissioner of foreign affairs at Nanking, and several other Chinese officials.

AMERICA AS PEACEMAKER

In accordance with ancient Chinese customs, Anderson asked the bandit groups about him to nominate the "elder brother" or spokesman, with power to act.

The American explained that he was there in the role of "peacemaker". He reviewed the situation, told the bandits of America's traditional friendship for China. He said that the United States had been deeply grieved by the kidnapping.

In reply to the outlaws' demands for foreign guarantee of immunity from punishment and other terms if the captives were released, Anderson explained that this would be possible only if the foreign powers took over the government of China, a course which he emphasized the brigand chieftains themselves desired above all to avoid.

When Anderson had finished, General Chen Tiao Yuan, representing the military government of 2,000 outlaws in the Chinese army, the payment to each of \$20.00 and the distribution of uniforms.

The crisis was reached. Anderson, supported by General Chan, asked for the immediate release of the eight foreign captives.

The outlaw chiefs parleyed among themselves. Then a messenger left the circle and started up the steep Paotzuku slope.

The formal agreement for the release of the prisoners was produced and signed by the two chief spokesman, one, Roy Scott Anderson, of Atlanta, Ga. and the other the chosen "elder brother" of the brigands, Sun Kwei Tsun.

In a few moments the messenger reappeared and following him, accompanied by an armed detachment of their guards, came the eight prisoners of Paotzuku.

"I have failed and I have won. I have had disappointments and successes" said Jot. "Life is made up of these."

"You are a fair representative of the life of the age, or any other age, for that matter," said old man Nase, and he went on:

FAILURE DIDN'T DISCOURAGE LINCOLN

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the legislature in Illinois, and was badly swamped.

He next entered business, failed, and spent seventeen years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner.

He was in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he became engaged—then she died.

Entering politics again, he ran for congress and was badly defeated. He then tried to get an appointment to the United States land office, but failed.

He became a candidate for the United States senate, and was badly defeated.

In 1856 he became a candidate for the vice-presidency and was once more defeated.

In 1858 he was defeated by Douglas.

One failure after another—bad failures—great set-

backs. In the face of all this he eventually became one of the greatest men of America, whose memory is loved and honored throughout the world.

When you contemplate the effect of a series of setbacks like this, doesn't it make you feel kind of small to become discouraged, just because you think you are having a hard time in life?

"China is no more a kingdom government," said Jot.

"Oh, let me see" said the old man after studying awhile, "Oh yes," he said, "you are right, China has a president the same as our own republic, but it is a tolerably recent thing, isn't it?"

"Well, I think it must have been a republic long before the world war" said Jot. "That means reforms have set in in China then" he apologetically said, "that was done thro' progress." We type of citizens who came abroad here for their western type of education, here in America, and these leaders became Christians and subdued the old idolatrous and traditional customs" said Jot.

"Well," said the old man, "American progress and education have enlightened the world." "Most assuredly" said Jot "we are not the oldest nation in the world, but we are in the front rank. We lead them all and the West is teaching the East."

Oh, where does reform start. It starts among experienced and enlightened people and not among rulers. Where all the people are the same like Americans the best servant for the jail can be selected and he becomes a servant because he is employed by them, and has not obtained the head by force to rule.

In some nations even our own, there has come men from the rank and file of the people who have made the greatest strides in progress, reform and advancement. It goes with the most common people and not with people of the aristocracy and riches, to carry on civilization for the masses.

Indeed, we should be very proud of our country, and what makes a country is its people. If the people can become united for a thing, they can master it. Amer-

icans have always been great because they have always sought their ideals and independence, on their merits to maintain them. They were so from the pilgrims leaving their parent country for greater things.

Of course, we are giants of civilization. America is a country of giants even the mingling of the American Indians blood helped as hardiness and endurance physically, and we grew in mentality, wisdom and high art of intelligence, and civilization, through handling the affairs of our government and in its wonderful development. Originally pioneers—a people and a government, standing badly out before the world having no equal in power and civilization, wrought and perfected exclusively by ourselves; founded by our forefathers, when there were no other republics to pattern after, until we have built up the most powerful and greatest nation. Shall we grow weaker or stronger? Shall we endure or fall? We say we shall live because we have faith in ourselves; faith in ourselves built us and faith and work only, will save us."

"Well," said the old man, continuing after a pause, "Is our education sufficiently strong to keep us bound. Does it teach the life force of our greatness. It must be summed up in two or at least, three or at most three words; they are: "These truly are" (Constitution, Independence, The mast of Liberty) This greatest of human accomplishment and achievement, that the human mind has ever conceived is back of the American people and they are back of it to the last drop of blood.

When a people live up to what they preach and die by it, with as much pride, then it becomes a self operative and protects them while they protect it—one among another.

THE "OLD READERS."

It is said that the school "readers," so important an educational influence in the lives of the generation now rapidly passing have been banished from many schools, and that instead of them one alleged masterpiece per

term, read and re-read, is all pupils get in place of the scores of masterpieces formerly read aloud in the regular school course. It is the form rather than the substance, the technicalities of a literary production rather than its ideas, which are now given attention, usually in some literary work whose thought and inspiration are utterly lacking in historical or patriotic content, and from which principles and emotions that develop character are strangely absent.

The situation may be overdrawn, but every man who studied McGuffey's series of readers who will look over their contents today, must feel resentment that his own children are denied their training and the potent influence of the thoughts in their selections. McGuffey's Fifth Reader lies before you. Its table of contents includes works by Disraeli, Johnson, Sheridan, Patrick Henry, Walpole, Pitt, Goldsmith, Irving, Scott, Hayne, Webster, Addison, Dickens, Lord Chatham, Hume, McCauley, Franklin and a score of other masters of prose, both sacred and profane, with poetical lessons from the productions of Southey, Longfellow, Bryant, Mrs. Hemans, Cowper, Addison, Hood, Shakespeare, Milton, Whittier, Scott, Goldsmith, Campbell, Thompson and many others. But these names, famous as they are in literature, are not the point. They show only the quality of the selections made for study. It is the ideas these writers have expressed that count in the education of youth; the righteous emotions they stir, the noble ambitions they create, and the moral and spiritual principles the McGuffey selections, in the entire series of five readers, inculcate, that the youths of today lose. We do not hesitate to say that many public school teachers of the present, well up in all the details and requirements of their various grades as imposed by boards of education, would be greatly broadened and spiritually strengthened for their duties to youth, by a protracted course in these McGuffey readers.

It is too bad that McGuffey, to say nothing of Swinton or Monroe, has been abandoned in the public schools with no real substitute. There are, it is true, courses in liter-

ature, much given to technique and other detail, but they come in the later years. The old readers took the minds of children and filled them with the loftiest thoughts and finest principles of life, year by year, and when they left the public schools they carried with them thoughts and impressions which influenced their whole after-life.

We seem to have had some giant people here in stature as well as in intelligence, and powers of mind in wisdom and he went on:

(PETRIFIED BODIES OF HUGE PREHISTORIC
MEN REPORTED IN COLORADO GRAND CANYON)

*Scientists Invited to Inspect Remains of Humans Older
Than King "Tut," With Feet 19 Inches Long.*

If the challenge of Samuel Hubbard, Oakland archaeologist, is accepted, scientists from several leading universities will accompany him on a second expedition into the Grand Canyon of Arizona to verify his claim as to the presence there of two monster petrified bodies of men of a prehistoric age antedating King Tut-ankh-Amen by several hundred thousand years.

When Hubbard returned from a personally conducted exposition on which he discovered the petrified bodies and announced his scientific find, was greeted with scoffings by archaeologists who were inclined to doubt either the existence of the petrified bodies or to regard them as statues probably carved by some highly civilized tribe of Indians.

Hubbard sticks to his guns, however, and announced that probably late this month he will conduct an expedition of leading scientists, engineers and photographers to the scene for a thirty-day investigation of his claims. An effort will be made to cut off an arm or leg of one of the giants for chemical analysis to substantiate his claim that they are petrified remains of a race of giants.

Hubbard advances the theory that the bodies may be

the sole remains of a race that may have lived in the Grand Canyon prior to the appearance of mankind elsewhere in the world. Some of the interesting possibilities he points out include:

May be "Eden"

The Garden of Eden may have been on the edge of California, but more likely it was in the lost Atlantis fable, which really existed, probably between the American continents and Europe and Africa millions of years ago.

Adam and Eve were giants, beside whom modern mankind is dwarfed to physical insignificance, and from the land of Atlantis their Gargantuan offspring, carrying with them the rudiments of the first blind gropings toward civilization, wandered into America and into Europe and Africa.

Two of their descendants, giants also, are lying in the chasms of the Grand Canyon, embedded in the rocks.

Their flesh and bones and hair have been transmuted into stone and have been preserved millions of years.

They lived and died in the vast gorges of the mighty river and left behind records older than any found up to this time.

The carvings on the walls of King Tut-ankh-Amen, in Egypt, were made but an hour ago compared to the mighty passage of time since a giant hairy man, a bear claw in his hand as sculptor's knife, cut upon the walls of the Grand Canyon the rude picture of a disonaur which has been extinct for millions of years.

Reports Finding Body

Hubbard's interest in the Grand Canyon prehistoric figures dates back to 1895, when he first heard stories from Indian guides of "heap big Indian long time dead" lying on an expedition into the canyon and El Tovar. A month ago he headed an expedition into the canyon

and found the body described, as well as another one. Photographs were taken of the bodies and also of wall carvings on the cliff. In addition, the party found elephant tracks two and one-half feet in diameter and moccasin prints measuring 19 inches from toe to heel. These had been preserved in the sandstone of the canyon river bed.

"I began this search after I had learned that similar gigantic foot-prints had been found in the rock quarry of the Nevada state prison at Carson City, and at La Brea, Los Angeles. Also I gathered traditions from all parts of the Pacific coast and found all tallied in that at one time a race of giants had lived here.

Cities Traditions

"Magellan, sailing through the straits that now bear his name, saw a race of giants. He wrote of them, but was laughed at.

"In Peru there are legends of the giant men who came from the Western sea in rude boats and conquered the nation.

"In Southern California and Arizona the Hopi Indians tell of the race of giants that once lived there and, because of their cruelty, were slain by the revolting tribes.

"On Easter Islands are scores of gigantic stone statues that only could have been carved and put into position by giant men.

"These and other things convinced me that the reports of giant bodies in the Grand Canyon might be true.

Have Visible Proof

"We know those beasts and reptiles lived, for we have dug their bones from the tarpits of La Brea and from the sandstone of England and Europe, but never before have we found intact the body of prehistoric man, preserved to us in the flesh."

In one dry river bed in the canyon he and his party found hundreds of tracks left in the rock surface. Here

again were moccasin tracks, left by men who had strides of more than five feet and whose feet from toe to heel measured nineteen inches and were nine inches in width.

A panel of carvings of ibex, like nothing before found in America, was discovered on the walls, near the bodies. The drawings are much like ones found in Spain.

The bodies of the two giants were preserved, Hubbard said, by the action of lime-impregnated waters. Such a stream still flows in the canyon and petrifies all that it covers, he said.

It will be impossible to remove the petrified bodies, because of their position in the canyon and their tremendous weight.

The bodies, nearly sixteen feet long, weigh tons and are now a part of the living rock of the canyon.

"Science is all right as far as it goes" said Jot, "but it never solves God's Mysteries nor it never will solve them. He gives us to know all we should know and no more, neither can we find this out. The age here, Dad, is all that I have reference to, which you speak about. It is true, went on Jot, that man might have lived thousands of years even before the bible was written, and no doubt, did, but his intelligence and inspiration, the two great principles of civilization, might not have come to him, set in with him or have been given to him by God Almighty, our Creator, until such time as he deemed necessary to have given him the power, knowledge and wisdom and understanding of a future life upon which was founded the bible. The great constitution of our republic is our bible. Government which is founded upon the Holy Bible of God and Christ. One great consolation is that we have the knowledge that Christ had no superior in the world either in perfection or innocent power, is from the fact that he was the only man that ever raised himself from the dead and ascended into heaven. Like a god himself and was the son of God, and he proved it in every way that any proof could have been given, which leaves no room for doubt. He was prophesied to come and his coming foretold through Abraham sacrificing his sons centuries before he came,

and he said, "I will go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there you may be also, for in my father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you, and I will come again. The next time he will be greater and more powerful than the wicked and they will be driven from the face of the earth, and he shall reign upon the earth for 1000 years, and every man shall sit under his own fig tree unmolested. Government will be reached then in a perfect form, and the devil shall be charmed and no wickedness or sin shall prevail upon the earth. Everything will have reached perfection to which we are now striving and the rose shall bloom in all its sweetness and glory. The fruits shall reach perfection and the land be blest; war and pestilence shall be no more, therefore we must look forward and not behind us.

REPORTED LOCATION OF LOST ATLANTIS REVIVES OLD CONTROVERSY

The lost Atlantis has again been "found"! This time the claim is made by no less an authority than the Spanish Academy. According to word from Madrid, the eastern tip of the sunken island has been located in the Atlantic ocean off the southwest coast of Spain. The exact spot is placed opposite the city of Jerez de la Frontera, 16 miles from Cadiz. This is near the ancient Lusitanian border. (Lusitania was the ancient Latin name of the region almost coinciding with Portugal.) Jerez de la Frontera is a very old place—so old indeed that no-one can say definitely just how old it is. The staple article of trade is sherry wine which takes its name from the neighborhood "Xeres" (pronounced "sherris"). Jerez de la Frontera was once a seaport but it is now seven miles from the coast. The lost Island of Atlantis has been the subject of controversy since the days of Plato. Its location by Spanish savants confirms the ancient tradition that it lay west of the Pillars of Hercules, the name given to the two rocky hills on opposite shores of the Strait of Gibraltar. (The legend is

that Hercules tore these rocks asunder in order to get to Cadiz.) Plato an ancient Greek historian whose veracity is seldom questioned, let a record of many important events which transpired in the dim past. The world unfortunately possesses only a fragment of his writings. His accounts of Atlantis breaks off very abruptly in the middle of a sentence; the remainder is irretrievably lost. Kritias, one of the most trustworthy Greek historians of antiquity, leaves a record of what his grandfather had been told by Solon, a great Greek legislator, of some remarkable events in Greek history which he in turn learned from the Egyptian priests of Sais, whose records antedate the Biblical flood by many centuries. Both these historians refer to the existence and destruction of a large continental island in the Atlantic, between America on the west and Europe and Africa on the east, and known by the name of "Atlantis." This island, according to Plato and Kritias, was larger than Libya (Africa) and Asia Minor. It was the reputed home of a great nation that conquered Europe and northern Africa. The story is that besides being of immense size, this island was well populated and had many large and beautiful cities. Its people had strange laws and customs. A few writers have gone so far as to say that it was larger than Europe and Asia combined and practically connected the Americas with Europe and Africa. A few authorities insist that the kind of clothing the people wore and the money they used are a matter of record. If the tale is true, this island or continent enjoyed a delightful climate, being partly within the tropics and partly in the temperate zones. It was possibly the original home and nursery of the human race. One popular theory is that the American Indians are descended from people who migrated from Atlantis. In the course of time, according to Plato, the island became very populous, rich and powerful. It established numerous colonies in Europe, Asia and Africa, and especially along the shores of the Mediterranean. It became the nucleus or center of a vast empire embracing a large portion of the continents and carried on an enormous commerce with its

colonial possessions. A quarrel having arisen between the Atlantides and their Athenian colonists, the mother country, it is said, made war on the Athenians who defeated the invaders, an achievement which, the account states, was regarded as the most glorious event hitherto achieved by the valiant Athenians. Disputes with other colonies soon after arose, and while the Atlantides were preparing on a huge scale to invade Europe and Africa, a tremendous earthquake and flood occurred, during which the island of Atlantis with its millions of population sank beneath the briny waves of the Atlantic. Mythology says the wickedness of the inhabitants roused the ire of the gods and that the latter destroyed the island in a single day and night in order to save humanity. This story is parallel with the Biblical account of the flood. In fact, some authorities connect the swallowing up of Atlantis with the flood. "The island Atlantis," to quote Solon's story to Kritias, "was the passage to other islands and to another continent (America?), and within the Pillars of Hercules the empire of Atlantis reached to Egypt and Tyrrhenia. This mighty power was arrayed against Egypt and Hellas (Greece) and all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Then did your city (Athens) win renown over the whole earth. For at the peril of her own existence, and when the other Hellenes had deserted her, she repelled the invader, and of her own accord gave liberty to all the nations within the pillars. A little while afterwards there was a great earthquake, and the great island of Atlantis disappeared in the sea." Jowett, in his introduction to Plato's "Timaeus," says this is the explanation of the shallows which are found in the Atlantic ocean west of the Strait of Gibraltar. Geologists generally agree that the coast line of western Europe did run further in the direction of America than now, but think that its submergence took place long before historic times. To judge by Plato's account, Atlantis existed 9600 years before the birth of Christ. Homer, Horace and some others tell of two "Atlanticas," distinguished as the "Hesperides" and the "Elysian Fields." Pliny, too, mentions a great island

in the west, beyond the Pillars of Hercules. The continental size attributed to Atlantis has always been the least credible detail of the famous legend, but belief in the existence of a large sunken island which once saw a high degree of civilization has persisted from time immemorial. The tale received special consideration in the middle ages and again in later centuries. "The New Atlantis," an allegory by Lord Bacon, described an island situated, like the Atlantis of the ancients, somewhere in the Atlantic ocean. Bacon represents himself as wrecked on this island, and as finding there an association for the cultivation of natural science and improvements in the arts.

Variations of the old legend are seen in the stories of the Greek "Isles of the Blest," or "Fortunate Islands"; the Welsh "Avalon"; the Portuguese "Antilla"; "Brendan's Island," etc. Since the Renaissance numerous attempts have been made to rationalize the story of Atlantis, identifying it variously with America, Scandinavia, the Canary Islands, a large island of which only a small section—Cuba—remains, the British Isles, and, more recently, with Crete.

The story of Atlantis does not entirely depend on the accounts of the ancients but also rests on many geographical and archeological facts which cannot be explained by any other hypothesis. There is in the Atlantic an extensive plateau occupying the position the lost island is supposed to have had. The Bermudas and the Azores may be remains of it. The former were once submerged and were subsequently built up by the coral insect. The Bermudas and Azores are the only coral islands in the north Atlantic. When the latter were discovered there was found there a peculiar species of hawk known nowhere else, hence the old name "Hawk Islands." The Canary Islands may also be remnants. When discovered they were inhabited by dogs. (Hence the name, from "canis," a dog, and not from "canary," a bird, as many people suppose.) Whence came these dogs? Possibly from Atlantis.

The ancient inhabitants of America were in many re-

spects similar to the ancient Egyptians; their architecture their pyramids and monuments, their temples, their religion, their mode of disposing of the dead, and, lastly, their written language were almost identical with those of old Egypt. This is regarded by some as strong evidence that their people had a common origin and a common history.

Moreover, remains of animals and plants have been found in Siberia and northern Europe which prove that there regions once enjoyed a tropical climate—a fact which can only be explained by a change in the position of earth's axis and, therefore, also of the poles. The submersion of such a large body of land as Atlantis could easily have changed the position of the earth's axis and, necessarily, the position of the equator as well. Such a movement would account for floods, earth tremors etc. including the Biblical flood. That the movement which changed the boundaries of the various zones and also the climate took place suddenly is shown by the fact that remains of subtropical animals, some with hair and flesh on bones, have been found entombed in ice in northern Siberia. Their icy covering protected them from the oxidizing action of the air.

The Bible statement that "the fountains of the great deep were broken up" does not accord with the opinion generally held that the flood was alone caused by an excessive fall of rain during 40 days. Rather, it means that water, for some unexplained reason, gushed up from the ocean bed and overflowed the land. In that case, continents could have been broken up and islands engulfed. Tradition has it that this very thing happened to Atlantis. The inrush of water toward the sinking island made flight in boats difficult but certain persons are said to have escaped—Deicalion and his wife Pyrrha, according to Greek and Roman legends (Noah and his family, according to the Hebrews).

Ancient Troy was destroyed by the Greeks in 1184 B. C. Many of the dispersed Trojans sailed westward and settled in Italy, which they found almost uninhabited though containing numerous remains of cities, towns, temples

and monuments. The Roman historians gave to these ancient inhabitants the name of "Etruscans," but history is silent as to whence they came or whither they went. Some authorities think they were without doubt the descendants of the original colonists of Atlantis who abandoned their homes by reason of the terrible earth convulsions.

The sinking of Atlantis could have caused several of the extensive "faults" or cracks in the earth's crust. One of these extends along the northern part of the Mediterranean, through the southern portions of Portugal, Italy, Greece and Asiatic Turkey, for this region has been notorious for its cosmic disturbances since the dawn of history. It is possible that the volcanoes Aetna, Vesuvius and Stromboli were born about this time. Sicily was broken off from continental Italy, and the Strait of Messina, with its whirlpool Charybdis, is still a silent witness of a great seismic disturbance. A tradition of this exists among the ancient Greeks and Romans. The former founded a colony in Sicily which subsequently came under Roman domination and was called "Rhegium," from the Greek verb "rhegnumi," meaning to break off."

This catastrophe, so destructive to the civilization of that period, must have been far-reaching in its effect and in all probability caused tremendous upheavals and volcanic eruptions in remote parts of the world, all tending to change the position of the earth's axis and the latitude of places. It deluged some regions far removed from the original site of the disturbance and caused to some extent a new distribution of land and water, and contributed to shorten the length of our solar day. Many millions of people may have perished of whose existence we have no tradition.

Such a disturbance would have driven people from their original homes and caused them to migrate over the earth. In fact, the inhabitants of Europe and Africa about this time abandoned their homes and traveled eastward to what are now known as Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, India, etc. And thus Portugal, Spain, Italy and

the north and west of Africa remained uninhabited for many thousands of years, until they were subsequently re-explored and re-colonized by the Phoenicians, Greeks and Trojans.

Some scientists hold the theory that the destruction of Atlantis may have been a result of the ice age. Great tracts of the earth were once covered with a sheet of ice of vast thickness. In this ice were imprisoned such enormous quantities of water that the levels of the oceans sank quite low, leaving large areas of land uncovered for long periods of time. One of these uncovered portions, it is reasoned, may have been the island of Atlantis, which, on the melting of the ice, was again covered by water.

The story of Atlantis has been repeated for centuries and is still held as true by many people. However, the world as a whole accepts the account as a myth. The story cannot be proved one way or another. If it is not fictitious, it belongs to the most nebulous region of history. It may embody some popular legend based on historical circumstances, but what these were it is impossible now to determine. The subject is one for speculation and the numerous theories only cloud the real facts, if any.

BRYAN DENOUNCES STAND OF LIBERALS

The statement signed by 40 representative Americans, including two cabinet members, denying that science and religion conflict, roused the ire of William J. Bryan. "The document is quite characteristic of the so-called liberals," he comments. "There is no antagonism between religion and real science. Science is classified knowledge—therefore nothing is scientific unless it is true. No truth can hurt the Bible—no truth can harm Christianity. Our objection is to unsupported guesses put forth by scientists in the name of science.

"The guess to which we most object is the guess that a man is a descendant of the brutes. We object to this guess because it is unproved and demoralizing. It leads

man to look downward for interpretations of himself instead of looking up for inspiration." In his mind the statement obscures the real issue. He continues: "If the man who wrote the statement had explained that the theology denounced as medieval teaches that the Bible is true, that Christ was born of a virgin, suffered for man's sin and rose from the dead, it is probable that some of the men named would have refused to sign.

"So with the last sentence, if instead of saying God revealed himself 'in the age-long inbreathing of life into its constituent matter culminating in man with his spiritual nature and all his God-like powers,' he had said, 'We believe that man is a blood relative by descent of the ape or some other lower form of life the public could understand him.

"If these men believe that man came up from animals why don't they dispense with their long and high-sounding words and use everyday language that the masses can understand. Let them point out the parts of the Bible that they reject and the public can understand their issue. The Presbyterian General Assembly spoke for nine-tenths of the Christians when it reaffirmed the church's belief in the infallibility of the Scripture, the virgin birth of Christ. Evolution is objectionable because its tendency is to undermine Christianity.

Dr. Henry VanDyke, the famous Presbyterian clergyman and author, in a sermon in New York upheld evolution as part of divine truth. He referred scathingly to Mr. Bryan, as being among those "who talk much and read little." He said it was a great mistake to declare war between religion and science. "You might as well denounce the Copernican theory of astronomy," which says that the earth revolves round the sun, he told the anti-evolutionists.

"When we sum up the rank and file of this government," said the old man Nase as he cracked his fists together, on the League of Nations, you know that I am a democrat and you are a republican, and you have asked me to express myself on the world court, I am for the League, but it is better to have something than nothing

to hold the world up and keep it from going to pieces again. Politics does not enter my mind in this question, and since we cannot have the League which President Wilson so wonderfully put forward; so much so that all the world, or at least all of Europe accepted it and adopted it, but his own country turned it down. Let us then have the court.

ASK FOR WORLD COURT

Probably no political question has caused more discussion and aroused more feeling since the forming of our constitution than the proposal that the United States participate in the world court founded under the league of nations. President Harding submitted the question during the last days of congress in order that the discussion might be carried to the people, and it was. It has been discussed from the Mexican to the Canadian borders and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No partisan issue is involved; no line is drawn, even, between progressives and conservatives; leaders take sides from their own personal convictions and jump into the fray or remain neutral as it pleases them. Mr. Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy, is an example of passive opposition in the president's own official family.

It was reported that President Harding, after recommending the action and giving his reasons for it, was disposed to leave the question with the people to accept or reject. In other words, it was said he would not further urge adherence to the court nor attempt to push the matter, the idea being that he feared to disrupt his party. But his recent letter to the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in convention at Atlanta, showed a very different attitude and spirit. "The national heart, conscience and judgment are alike enlisted," he said, "and against these we never need fear that any opposition may prevail." As to the character of the court, which has been greatly criticized, he said: "That court in its constitution represents the matured thought and purpose of men who have given most expert considera-

tion to the subject. It is difficult to believe that more representative, more impartial or more able tribunal could be established under any other plan." As to the progress of the fight the president declared that evidences from every part of the country and from every element of citizenship reaching him in increasing volume leave no doubt of an "over-whelming preponderance in favor of the step proposed." "Not since I have been president," he added, "has there been, in connection with any great question of public policy, so impressive a demonstration of substantially unified opinion."

Opposition to the court program has been led by Senator Borah of Idaho whose main objection is that it means entrance into the league of nations. Referring to speeches by Secretaries Hughes and Hoover he said both were under written pledges to use their power "to take us into the league," and were therefore consistent in advocating the world court. The court, Mr. Borah declared, is simply a creature of the league, and he could not understand how one could be supported without the other. Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, another opponent of the court program, has had little to say, but, as usual, what he said was strong. "This is a part of the cleverly conceived plan of the international bankers," he said, "to entangle the United States in the affairs of Europe so that American wealth can be used to safeguard and protect their now almost worthless European investments." He declared further that "the glorification of the world court is an attempt to draw a red herring across the trail of the great domestic issues."

President Harding speaking before the Associated Press in New York and before the American Society of Newspaper Editors at Washington made a clear answer to these objections. As to the league he said: "If it is serving the old world helpfully, more power to it. But it is not for us. The senate has so decided, the executive has so declared, and the people have so declared." As to the influence of the "cunning and designing international bankers" the president said there was no truth in it. "I have yet to be asked for an audience," he said,

"or to be requested for an interview by a single international banker in America or elsewhere." Elihu Root, former cabinet member and senator and a leading authority on international law, declared that "the question is merely whether we shall give our moral approval to the establishment of the same kind of court which our government has been urging for a generation."

Democratic leaders have divided on the question also, but probably less than the Republicans. Former President Wilson condemned the court plan as not going far enough, but Mr. Bryan favored it whole-heartedly, declaring that it would command "the almost solid support of Democratic senators." Senator Robinson of Arkansas, Democratic leader in the senate, favors the court as "the least we can do if we propose to take any action looking toward cooperation with other governments for promotion of peace and good will," but he thinks the importance of the issue is exaggerated since the court "has no jurisdiction on the subject of reparations or any other vital issue."

Jot sat silently listening, completely absorbed in the great subjects which old man Nase went on through with—from one to another. He enjoyed the old man's knowledge wonderfully and the old man went thru with these subjects often, with Jot continually, and they were subjects of great depth and vital subjects of the age, and not only that, as Jot put it, but of all ages to come.

"You have told them well, Dad" said Jot. "Well" said the old man "you are a worthy judge to talk to. If you were not I would not talk at all. When I talk" he went on "I like a good listener; that you are and your intelligence need not be questioned. Your interest and appreciation of the subjects I have been discussing, are remarkable and intense."

"Well" said Jot, "I never learned anything in telling what I know, but rather in listening to the other fellow talk, but when I can learn one something by talking, I don't mind to talk." "You are a wise man, indeed" said the old man "for many people talk much and say little, and some do harm instead of good by it." "But I am

that much like you, Jot, I do love to hear a wise man talk and an original one, then we all learn something from that kind of a character.

A person that talks to hear his voice only, is like a dog barking at the moon; he barks in a lonesome time and makes the noise lonesome in a lost and wandering sound.

We all like to be magnified and appreciated. It shows or impresses us with our worthiness that we are entitled to. Any man that has had a hard struggle in a good cause needs bragging on an encouraging, rather than to be discouraged and blocked. But where the cause is wrong, he should be hindered regardless of how earnest or sincere he is; an honest failure is better than a dishonest gain, notwithstanding the fact that you have been elected to Congress, your argument is weighty" said the old man Nase, and Jot went on:

"While we are not cowards and manly in active bravery, we surely do not want to drop from this plane of high standing achievement, to become mental cowards, or cowards of intelligence and judgment; we must be willing to risk and back our wisdom to cope with the rest of the world. As the League or Court is a step higher than war, we have been successful in war, why not might we be in diplomacy."

HON. JOT FAVORS COURT

Hon. Jot Republican leader of the Seventh congressional district, is in harmony with President Harding on the world court plan, which will relieve much worry in high circles. In a manifesto to the public Hon. Jot says:

"We are in the throes of a reconstructive period—in the aftermath of a world war, affecting all nations and all peoples the like of which has never before been known in all history of the human experience; torn to pieces, shaken on the sands of time, we must rebuild that which has not stood through the catastrophe.

"The marvelous precepts of our country proves to be

of greater strength and power than ever before. Our constitution stands out before the world as a masterpiece, a model of strength and glory, as the greatest piece of basic law and governmental document which any nation has ever achieved since we have survived and won the world war, our victory is our constitution.

"And a world court advised by President Harding would strengthen our constitution and not weaken it as at first might have been generally supposed * * * and also recognized by all powers.

(1) because if we were great enough to win the world war under it, we are great enough to remain an independent dictator.

(2) therefore the world court would give more strength, prestige and power to our constitution rather than to detract it * * * the world court or league of nations is right because we must share in the responsibilities and problems of the world as we have helped to make, and create them by taking a part in the world war. Then the other nations demand it. Call for our council. If we do not heed it and take a part in it we are cowards and shirk from duty even more so than if we had refused to fight. Let us stand face to face with our part of it like soldiers and fearless, worthy and confidential statesmen who are equal to anything our past record shows accomplishment and victory in every great crisis of the nation. Then why not grapple with it, why let it grip us? That is the cause of the unstable and unsettled affairs of our country and of the world at large. Because we fail to meet these greater and lesser problems bravely and settle them.

This part is lacking so far and is not finished. Oh, where are our great statesmen? Are our statesmen less qualified to finish and hold the victory than our great soldiers were to win it?

Lack of proper action and statesmanship in this matter causes the world to suffer and to continue to writhe in indifference.

We should bravely meet duty as it confronts us and must do it if we succeed to hold our own and come into

control of affairs of the world in the future as in the past and maintain our standing and victory with the world.

Let us get busy and get this state of affairs, confusion and unsettled conditions corrected, halted and righted. If our present ones cannot solve the problems and supply the needed legislation to correct and check the present evils arising from new problems confronting us we hope that unforeseen men will arise to the occasion and set the world aright. We are now in a whirlpool of thought scrambling to pull ourselves ashore with a decisive victory to steer clear of danger in the future, and to take the right course and pursue it to the end.

One victory in our great state has been the recent defeat of a bill for the return of the old convention system of nominating candidates for public office.

The primary law (our present primary system) is a step in advance of the old way and stands for progress, while to go back to the convention would be a step backward. As our initiative referendum stands which is as great as our state, so must the primary law ever stand, for the taxpayer must be the man to say who will be his public servant and not a few picked men by a little committee who even in many cases selects the delegates themselves without the voter knowing it. They will hold their caucuses secretly especially when they want to send certain men as delegates.

No few men are greater than the many men. The majority must rule in this great Republic. Cut out the red tape in our laws and make them more practical and more effective for they do evolve responsibility on us.

Said old man Nase "A man noted for his rugged honesty; a church member and I believe a devout Christian, said to me the other day. 'Nase, I own up this hard struggle with me is sometimes necessary to keep from actively gloating over the imperfection of miserable mortals which it has been a comfort to me that my Christianity has saved me from.' 'Well,' I said to him 'Do you help them; do you give them first aid?' 'Not always' he said, "Well, you are not doing your duty then. It is your

duty to help others when you see them in need of help and I don't see how you could keep from it."

One morning at breakfast, just as we had sat down at the table to eat, he had just been out in the front yard to get his morning paper, usually reading it while he ate and commenting on it, to Jot. The girls were passing down the street in a hurry with their bobbed hair, to their office work up-town, and he said to Jot, "Some done up in dog ear fashion hangs down like hound dog-ears. They must have some idea to coincide with the famous hound dog of Missouri incident by catering to this style, but I reckon it is famous or rather common throughout the world."

"Yes, I suppose so" said Jot; they rather put me in mind of the days of the famous brown deer type of the Ozarks, rather than the hound dog that chases them," said Jot.

"Ah, you always want to get into sentiment" said the old man. "What is yours but sentiment" said Jot. "Yes, but it is of the coarser kind."

"Well Jot" he continued with apparently much interest. "What do you reckon the girls and women would do now-a-days if they had to work now like our mothers did to get a meal. Why they had to bake biscuits over a hot wood stove, or fire place before they even had wood stoves. They had to bake them in a baker's oven with a lid on it. They would put a little pile of coals out on the hearth then cover the lid with coals of fire and go on with their other work until they were done, then go and take them out, done and brown. They knew just about how long it would take to get them done, too, without burning them. Why the girls now, if they had to do that, would go in the parlor every few minutes and look at themselves with the sweat streaming down their faces and necks, and red lip and face cream dripping like blood down their faces and they would say 'I am ruined, there is no chance for me to look like anything but about thirty cents' and to think about what a good time women have now compared with their former lives, where there is not much drudgery.

He picked up his paper and read: A young man kills self by shooting or stabbing himself in the heart, when he found that his pretty young wife had sued him for divorce. "Oh, what a pity?" he said as he hung his head very low. "Human love is something awful to endure." "Had I known what an awful thing it is to give a wife up by death, I never would have married at all."

Jot had written a letter to his aunt in Oklahoma; one of condolence in answer to one he had just received from her and his cousin Dewey, her son, who was living with her on a farm in the southern part. Her husband had died and they were alone. She had told Jot in her last letter that she had lost all of her money by the failure of their bank in her town. The laws of Oklahoma—the banking laws, being very different than those of Missouri. Laws provide that banks shall carry insurance against bank robbers or failures, and the depositors are guaranteed against loss, but in Oklahoma, it seems that they are not.

Jot picked up the letter together with some others he had written, to take them up town to the post office. He thought he would go by the new magnificent Shrine Temple over on St. Louis St. He usually went down Cherry St., by the school house on the corner, and then turned north on Kimbrough, and he generally when he came to Walnut St., he would turn off on Walnut and go up town, but in going by the Shrine Temple, it necessitated going straight north directly face the Shrine building on St. Louis St., bearing a little to the east side of Kimbrough to where it led off into St. Louis St.

He also had in mind the big red dog and the boy with the wagon. He wanted to come in contact with them if possible, for he thought it was the most wonderful thing he had ever seen to see that dog and boy gliding along the streets as great chums and friends, apparently trained to understand him as a human being.

He went by the Shriners' Mosque and then on St. Louis St., until he came to the postoffice on the corner of Jefferson Ave., and St. Louis St. It was in a ten-story building opposite the large and magnificent Colonial Hotel.

This was the sub-branch of the postoffice as the main office was on Boonville Ave., at the corner of Center and Boonville, between the two towns but he did not see the boy and his dog this time. The last time he saw them they were standing on the corner of Jefferson and Walnut Sts., near the the St. Paul Church, awaiting another boy who was along with them, who had gone across the street to a store to get something bringing the package while Jot was standing there talking to the boy, the dog pleasantly looking up at Jot as he remarked "He takes you every place 'most, don't he?" The dog was panting with his tongue out looking toward the other boy across the street with the package.

As the boy came across, he threw the package in the wagon where the boy was sitting, holding the dog by his collar, and he said "Let's go" and the dog swung the wagon and boy around the corner as they held on to the dog's collar, and the other boy got on the opposite side of the wagon and they went down the sidewalk past the church on a fast run. The boy had to run very fast to keep up with the dog and wagon, while the boy sitting in the wagon was holding on to the dog's collar with all his might and sitting in the wagon.

As Jot went on he wondered about the pedestrians they might meet.

Another cherry picking day on Cherry St.

Jot Beasley, Eva Holmes and Mr. and Mrs. Holmes had picked all they could stand on the ground and reach around the tree and pick, and had left the ones higher up in the tip of the tree, whose branches spread over a vast amount of ground, so much so, that they had extended far over into Mrs. Smith's backyard between her garage and the house, having it fenced with a steep nail fence with a gate, a small yard gate, opening out to the garage with the area way still west of the house. The space was just small enough between the houses for a car to pass. She had no car of her own, and had rented the garage to Jot Beasley's brother, who was a city salesman for a candy firm, and he and Jot had been rooming together over on Monroe at the second house from the

corner of Monroe and Dollison. It was a fine place with a large fine back porch, and a nice blue grass lawn with cherry trees and a garage with a fine lawn at the front with poplar trees. Very handy and convenient with the street car on the curve, and a drug store and grocery just a block south and the State Teachers' Normal just one block south and one block east with its vast state grounds and fine grove of shade trees and with its magnificent buildings and the National Boulevard running on the east side of the grounds or campus.

Just a block east on the north side next to the brick flat, was where Jot's sister had lived with her husband and their child, and where Jot had first been staying with his brother when Jot had first come to the city, but when they traded his property for the old home place, then it left them (Jot and his brother) without a place to stay and they moved down to the corner, then later from there to where Jot was now living, with the old man Nase.

The name of the first place was the Wells Place. The aged Mr. Wells still lived there and rented rooms to teachers and others; he occupying one of the rooms for himself and two teachers were occupying two of the rooms when Jot and his brother were there, and when they left they took their rooms also as they had some children. One was a widow and the other single. They had furniture of their own including a fine piano, and Jot thought the refined and accomplished widow could play the prettiest on the piano of anyone he ever knew. They would (the girls and children) have some jolly times singing and playing the piano.

Once while Jot was sitting in his room reading, he heard them singing "When the Sun goes down Tonight, and the Moon comes up, Springfield will shine," and following "When the Sun goes down Tonight, my heel will shine" and "Hark, the Band is All Here" and both Christian and love songs.

Jot and his brother would go often to see the ladies and be entertained while living there. Once the ladies came over one evening on their way to town and stopped at where they last moved, Mrs. Nase's, and gave them some mail which had come to their address there.

Jot's brother had now moved two houses west where he had procured a room but he was still keeping his car in Mrs. Smith's garage which he had first rented and where he had been since the return of Arthur Nase, the old man's son who had to occupy the room which Jot's brother had occupied during his absence.

Jot's two brothers and their wives and children, had all come down and picked and the old man Nase gave all cherries who came after them, but would not charge them anything for them. All he would say was "Pick what you want yourselves, and I'll give them to you without cost but I won't pick them for you."

"Oh, that is fine, Mr. Nase," they would say, "but we want to pay you." "Oh, no, I won't take it." "We might pick them all," said one woman, "or we might get more than our share." "Just get all you want," he said. "Maybe some of the other neighbors will want some." "Yes, no doubt they will. A lot of them have already come and got some, and 'first come first served', you know. Several others have spoken for some but I am not going to pick them and take them to them. They must invariably come after them and pick them; they will not last always."

They all went home, Jot helping with the moving around of the low step-ladder after they had got what they could reach from the ground.

That evening when Eva returned from her work at the big store up town, the old man Holmes, her father, and mother accompanying her and Mr. Holmes carrying the long ladder which would reach nearly to the top, set it up under the tree scooting it upward among the limbs and allowing the top end to rest against a strong and substantial limb near the body of the tree, at the top or center, and the other end of the ladder to rest firmly on the ground.

The old man Holmes took a little bucket in his hand and went up the ladder. Eva and the old lady and Jot standing by looking up at him. Eva said: "Papa, don't you fall." "Well, I won't if I can help it," he said.

"Be careful, Dad," said the old lady also.

"It's pretty hard to do much up here among these thick limbs but I'll get a few of them," he said. "Don't take any chances," said the old lady, "let 'em go first."

Eva swung the low stepladder up against the side of the house on the cement walk, and went up to the top of it, to where a thick cluster of cherries hung from a limb hanging just over the roof of the house.

"If you were up on the roof you could get them very easily," said Jot.

Jot had ventured to fix the ladder and only merely to adjust it for her as she had already fixed it so quickly where she wanted it.

"It would be so nice if you would just step over on that roof," said Jot, "it would be so much easier for you to get them." "Oh, I can manage these from the ladder," she said.

Jot turned to the old lady standing by and said, "I believe we are going to get most of them, don't you?" "Yes" she said, "dat cherry tree is wort' money."

"I like cherry pie," said Jot, "it's my favorite pie."

"Our boarder is going to move" said the old man Holmes. "Is he?" asked Jot. "Yes" said Mr. Holmes, "he is goin' to move tomorrow." Said Jot "no."

"Going to marry" said Eva. "Oh, is he?" said Jot. "Yes," said the old man, "he be going to rent a house."

"How old are you?" he asked Jot. "I am fifty" said Jot. "You are?" said Holmes, "you look like you were about thirty-five years old." "Yes" said Jot, "that is as old as most of them accuse me of being, but the Bible record tells the tale. I've begun to think some about getting married myself sometime."

"Where is the girl?" asked old man Holmes. "Well," said Jot, "the ones I used to go to see are all married off now, but I am writing to a young lady up at Oakland. Oh, yes, what is her name? Anderson, she is a Swede." "Yes, dat's right, Anderson is a Swede name," said Mr. Holmes.

"Are you acquainted in that town, Oakland, Nebraska?" he asked. "I first thought you meant Oakland, California."

"Come take these cherries and empty them" he said to Eva. She started to go up the ladder as she was standing near it, but Jot came and said "I'll get them for you" and he went up the ladder like a squirrel and took them and brought them down. Eva took them from him as he handed them to her, still standing on the lower round of the ladder awaiting for her to empty the bucket, so he could return to Mr. Holmes with the bucket.

Presently, after emptying it into a larger vessel which sat near on the ground, she handed the empty bucket to him and he went up the ladder and delivered it to Mr. Holmes, where he proceeded to fill it again. Jot stopped about half way down the ladder and commenced to pick some cherries in his hands and bringing a handful down with him, offered them to Eva. "No thank you" she said, "you keep them." "I have no place to put them" he said and proceeded to throw them into the container on the ground sitting on the grass under the tree.

Presently she went and sat down on the doorsteps and Jot went over and sat down by her side. "Well, how are things up at the big store today?" he asked. She said "Fine! Mr. Heer and I have been pretty busy today attending to the correspondence of the house and balancing the liabilities with the assets of the company."

"How are your financial conditions running?" asked Jot, "altho' it is not customary or a common thing to mix financial business or affairs with love affairs."

"Oh, that's all right with me" she said, "Oh, it's kindly racing one keeping pace with the other, we are a little over the balance sheet tho' we keep running a little ahead, but it is sometimes very little. We don't have enought to brag about but we are satisfied if we can keep even now until business gets back on its feet again."

"I should think so" said Jot.

"Yes" she added "with so many firms failing."

"Yes" said Jot, "it first hit the farmers, then later the business men. You know because I have been a farmer, I take notice of these things more than some men would."

The old man up in the tree called out "More cherries,

Jot" and Jot jumped up and ran up the ladder while Eva stood at the bottom of the ladder ready to empty them.

"How will yea thrade theat dwendy acres fur my house ober on the corner ob Campbell and ——— Sts., chust nort'west ob de court house?"

"I might trade with you" said Jot.

"It's a gue house; well built. I built it myself to lib in, but nebber libbed dar, I chust rented it. It 'as only been built about eighteen yars and it is as gude as new; gude big lot and nire six room house."

"I'll go over and look at it some time with you" said Jot.

"All right" said the old man, "we will go sometime."

They lived in a palatial mansion right next to old man Nase's house and had a beautiful garden in the back.

"Say Eva" said Jot, looking across at the garden, "I never saw a garden grow as fast. Why, look at those beans and potatoes and onions and lettuce and those tomatoes over there. Guess I'll have some of those tomatoes. They'll be pretty handy for me, won't they?"

"Yes," she said, "and I do love them when they get ripe—just to eat them raw with salt."

"Well" said the old man, "we'll quit for tonight" and he came slowly down the ladder. The old lady had previously gone to the house to get supper ready, so Eva had said.

Mr. Holmes slid his ladder down and started toward the shed with it. Jot had already got the short step ladder and was making his way across the back grassy lawn which lay between the garden and the house inside the clothesline toward the shed. When he reached the shed he left the ladder on the back porch and came on back, and with Eva crossed the lawn toward the house.

Looking back, Eva said "Thank you." "Much obliged" he said laughing.

At times they had used the little short ladder by putting it on top of a coal house and could reach the cherries in that way by standing it on the roof they could pick the ones in the top of the tree; one holding the ladder while the other stood on it and picked the cherries.

"Eva is kinda shy and bashful" said Jot to old man Nase that night at the supper table. "Yes" he said "if you go to joking with her she is. Her mother must have taught her what a dangerous proposition a man is. That cherry tree is going to be the means of your getting married, Jot, I'm afraid" and he went on: "It might be a good thing for you as you are located in the city to stay here. You can stay with me as long as you want to whether you marry or not, but I'll say that Eva is a fine girl. You are getting too old to go back to the farm and go to doing hard farm work."

"You don't think I'm old, do you?" said Jot. "Well no" the old man said, "You are just in the prime of life, but by the time you would get started out again in life down there, where would you be? I'll sell to you and you will be handy here to the old folks."

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched" said Jot. "It may suit me to have things end up as you say but there may have to be some more cherries picked before that takes place." "Well, you are what can pick 'em, aint you?" asked the old man. "Well" said Jot "I've been helping some."

"That is what it takes" said the old man. "I don't want to lose you, Jot, but I am willing to help you by turning over my outfit here. I'll stay until fall and then you could occupy it."

"Oh, for that matter," said Jot, "you could remain here with us."

"Oh no" said Nase, "I'd have to go to my other son as promised."

Mr. Nase said to Jot one night: "Jot, I believe that Eva Holmes is going to take all the stamina out of your trades. Your interest and general trend of conversation was about your trades before, and now all of your interest is centered on Eva."

"I believe you are right, Dad" said Jot, "I, at least hope so for I want to quit sowing wild oats and settle down to home life and direct some business, or get back on the farm; one or the other."

"I thought it had about got you" said the old man "and

it is about time that it had." "Which?" said Jot. "Why, this love affair of yours" said the old man." "Thank you" said Jot, "I'll take that as a compliment. Advice seldom goes in matrimony," continued Jot.

The old man Nase was accustomed to feeding his birds and when the cherries were gone, he would set pans of bread and meat scraps out on the cement walks including pans of water for them, and they would fly out on the branches of the cherry tree near the house and stretch their necks looking in the house for the old man. They knew he was their friend and they loved him. They would sing all day long in the trees. One bird would seem to say all day long the same song like this: "Not yet—not yet."

Jot and the old man would listen sometimes at what it said, and it would be the same song all the day long, "Not yet—not yet."

A high board fence was between the old man's house and that of Mrs. Smith. It was about eight feet high and hid each other from view in the back yard. The limbs of the cherry tree hung over this fence in the back yard of Mrs. Smith and the two little Smith boys would pick the cherries off and eat them by jumping up and swinging to the limbs.

The old man Nase had gone across the street to one of his neighbors to visit and talk with them, and several of the other neighbors were there. He told them of how the neighbors were coming and getting the cherries, and the next morning the whole back yard was full of boys with tin cups and buckets and containers of all kinds. They rapped on the back door and Jot answered it. "Do you want your cherries picked?" they asked. "They are all picked" said Jot "but a few in the extreme top of the tree, and there are no ladders to use as they all have been taken away." "Oh" said the boys "we can climb the trees." "Well" said Jot "I'll call the old man." Mr. Nase came and they said "We want to pick your cherries." "Well boys" said Mr. Nase "there are none left to pick to amount to anything, and I understand that Mr. Holmes

will finish them up." "Alright" they said and went home with empty vessels.

The old man said to Jot "I am not going to be held responsible for them boys breaking their necks to get cherries from the top of that tree. Why last year a boy went over to pick cherries for a neighbor across the town and the boy fell out and broke his legs and the man had to pay five thousand dollars damages."

It was Monday night and Jot and the old man Nase were in the same lively discussion on current events. Jot had been uptown and while walking around the square had met an old friend from his old home town of Bois D'ard, and they shook hands and he said "Jot, will you go into the bank and identify me. I have a check to cash." "Certainly Mike" said Jot, for it was his friend Mike Sweeney, the wheat buyer and elevator man. Jot had sold him lots of wheat and he said "I want to go to that little State Bank here on the square somewhere, that is being run by some of our Bois D'arc men." "Oh, Nichols boys?" asked Jot. "Yes. That's over on the north side of the square. They were our postmaster at Bois D'arc. The one I know might not be in, so I will get you to walk down to the bank with me." "Alright" said Jot, and they went to the bank.

Tillma Nichols son, was at the window and said: "Hello there, Mr. Swinney." "Oh" said Mike, "I would have known you." "I came to identify him" said Jot—he doesn't need it, does he?" and Jot walked out and met a man on the street who wanted to rent the mill. "I want to sell it" said Jot "but if I don't sell it I may rent it to you." "Alright you can see me or call for me at the Springfield Realty Company's office" said the man. "Very well" said Jot. "Now" said Jot "this mill pays, or rather has an income of one hundred dollars a day. If there is any money in this mill business, it ought to pay something if the expense of operation doesn't eat up the profit. Purselly, the man who has a loan of two thousand dollars on the mill which has just expired, and I have only an option, says that for instance, when the miller pays one dollar a bushel for wheat, he will grind it up

into flour and sell the flour out at about a dollar and sixty cents on the bushel, so there ought to be some money in running it, if the expense of operation is not too much. I gave property worth about eight thousand dollars for the mill, so you see the equity ought to be worth something. Of course Jot knew he was at the mercy of Purselly now to allow him to take the mill back over just for the equity alone without paying him a sum over and above the two thousand dollars loan for Jot's option had now expired.

After going over the subject with the old man Nase, he said "Jot, I'll give you ten dollars to make that trade with Purselly for your equity back without buying the mill. It is in his possession now and he don't have to donate you anything." "I know he don't but he don't want to see me lose anything. Damn it! What to the hell does he care! Because you have the advantage over a man would you keep it or sustain the fellow from loss. He is doing his family an injustice. If he just turns the mill back to you and renews the papers for a deed of trust on the mill when he owns it all. Oh, such nonsense" said Jot.

"Oh hell" said Nase, "why do you want to do this when I am opposed to it. Why it is an impossibility unless a man wants to give you something. Let it alone. Can't you do that I say? Damn it!"

"Maybe I can" said Jot, "but I am going to save myself if I can and you would do the same thing if you could, or you would be worse against yourself interest than you can say Purselly is, if you did not." "You can't make it. I've told you that you can't, and you can't," said Nase.

"All right, we'll just see" said Jot. "I'll give you ten dollars if you can. That shows you just how much faith I have in such a deal as that", said Nase.

"Of course, you are not interested financially in the mill like I am" said Jot, "for you haven't anything at stake to lose while I have, that's the difference."

"Yes" said Nase, "but you have no chance; you have already lost."

"Well, I may not have and I may have" said Jot, "it's with the man, of course."

"Oh hell!" said Nase "no man is going to give you anything when he owns it." "Oh he don't have to, of course," said Jot, "but he has only two thousand dollars in it and he just wants his money back out of it." "Yes" said Nase "but he is going to get more than that out of it. If you get it you will have to buy it and pay him for the loan or he will sell it to somebody else."

"That's his privilege" said Jot.

Jot was talking to the old man about going up to Conway and running the mill himself if he was successful in saving himself and getting back his equity by getting his papers renewed and assuming the loan, and the old man was opposed to it because secretly, he did not want Jot to leave him and go to operate the mill, and was trying in his own weak way, to persuade and prevent Jot, if he could, from trading for the mill. This is kinda in line with human nature and the older a man becomes, the more he becomes child like and gives over to it.

"If your house" said Jot "was to be sold for the mortgage of one thousand dollars, and you could save it by giving the thousand dollars and by buying it in again when it was put up to be sold after it had become due, and you had to pay it, would you do it?"

"Of course I would if I had the money" said Nase "if I didn't have it then someone else would get it." "That's so" said Jot "but suppose the man that bought it would say to you 'I have it now and it is worth three thousand dollars, and now if you will pay me my money back—the thousand dollars, you can have it back.' Would you not do it? And would it not be to your interest to do so if you could?" "Of course it would." "Well, that is just what I am trying to do now in the case of the mill: to save what I have in it and Purselly has offered to make these provisions. It is exactly the same way with my equity when he offers to renew for just his two thousand dollars."

"Well, damn it!—said Nase, you are always right—let it go."

"Well, what do you think of America's popular and leading manufacturer becoming president; he don't seem to want to be a candidate and his wife says she won't go to the White House if he is elected, to live. Still, the people are clamoring for him and want him to run. Well, that is my kind of a candidate," went on the old man "don't let a man push himself into the office by spending millions of dollars for it, but let the people push him in."

"Yes" said Jot "that is the right idea. Harding is the kind of president to have less government and let the people run their own business. Wall Street stepped right in here and drew the reins against the poor and against the unprotected classes like the farmer and laborer, and the money power said 'We will make prices for the farmers and laborers and run the interest of money up and make a big demand for it and we will own a big part of this land while Mr. Harding is asleep, and letting business and basic industry go unprotected. The thing for the government to do is to go to work and get busy and find the cause of the blocking of the machine and find out what is the matter; then get it started to working and right the wrongs.

"Say, here boys, there is something wrong. This thing aint moving just right, let's get busy and find out what it is and get this gigantic machine of the government to working. Common labor and farmers and producers of our necessities of life must be looked after for they are the life and the basic law of prosperity, and when they lag back, everything lags back. For when the farm produce and labor is low everything is low, for there is no money to spend and then is when capital steps in and takes advantage; makes loans on the farms then keeps them down as long as possible, getting big interest on the land, and capital gets labor cheap and makes big profits, which makes flourishing times and sell the land for a big price again. It draws in and puts out and puts out and draws in, just like the tide of the ocean when they can be allowed to operate this way. Wilson and Roosevelt recommended it and Wilson adopted it but it

has failed to relieve the situation in making real prosperity, but it has prevented the banks from going broke by keeping plenty of money in reserve for which it was established.

FARMING AND MINING

The American farmer, after the experiences of several years past, will not be inclined to the belief that agriculture can compete successfully with gold and diamond mining. But there is, nevertheless, one section of the globe where agriculture flourishes while the mining of gold and diamonds, on a comparative basis, declines. In the western provinces of the Orange Free State in South Africa agriculture is advancing so rapidly that it threatens to displace mining as the principal industry, according to the National Institute of Progressive Farming. The former ratio between mining and farming was 31 to 13, and the ratio is now 61 to 30. Corn and wheat raising, says the institute's report, has been greatly extended by the introduction of modern farm machinery, a large part of it from the United States.

These findings must prove somewhat of a mystery to the farmer of the western hemisphere. Though he may pride himself in his independence and have a sincere love of the soil, he is only too well aware that the price of farm products has not for some time compared favorably with the price of diamonds. His profits are now on the upgrade and the skies are brightening for him, it is true, but still it is unlikely that he expects to find any large pot of gold nearer than the end of the rainbow, or any glittering gems that are not denoted in the words: "Sweet are the uses of adversity, which like a toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head." And he may doubt whether adversity or the toad does, in fact, contain a diamond. Mining may appear to be much the better way of securing the treasures of gold or diamonds or their equivalent. But the evidence in the Orange Free State is to the contrary. And the

wealth of the farm lands is and will always be greater than that of the mines.

Kansas bankers are urged to drive the shiftless farmer out of the farming business. While it is being done, why not drive shiftless bankers out of the banking business and the shiftless ones out of all other lines of business?

Ten adjournments in one criminal case arising out of the Night and Day Bank ruin is a further showing on the wide opportunity open for improvements in the law. and Jot continued: "We farmers are getting to the top while you money lenders are beginning to find yourselves in the lurch.

Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, estimates that close to \$1,000,000,000 worth of business will be done by farmers' co-operative societies for the year 1923. Pugsley says that elimination of the "middle man" and profiteering commission merchant is progressing rapidly, to the advantage of both farmer and consumer.

"It is probably true that most people do not fully appreciate the development of co-operative marketing which has come among the farmers of this country during recent years," Pugsley stated. "The larger scale movements among the growers of cotton, tobacco, dairy products, grain, fruits and vegetables show that the farmer is making more and more use of business methods in the sale of his products.

"There is no doubt that the movement is headed toward success. The United States Department of Agriculture received in 1921 reports from 3498 co-operative associations in the United States which indicate a total business that year of \$444,977,000. Many associations and societies did not report, and it is safe to say that from 1921 to 1923 their number has increased, and that their business will reach \$1,000,000,000 this year."

An interesting fact is that of the total number of 3498 co-operative associations reporting 2179 were west of the Mississippi River. These did a business of \$285,6661,000 while the 1319 east of the Mississippi did a total business of \$159,316,000.

Reaching Safe Ground

Speaking further of the growth and development of the movement and how the sturdy spirit of the American pioneer had overcome difficulties in the way, Pugsley said the farmers had at last come to a point where they are closely approaching safe and sure ground in disposing of the fruits of their toil.

"Farmers found that it is ruinous for all of them, acting individually and without co-operation, to ship their products to the market at one time. A co-operative organization proposes to perform that function in a better way than it could be performed by a number of individuals sending their products aimlessly into markets of which they are ignorant. What the city consumer must have is a seasonal flow of the necessities of life through a system that will avoid the dumping of an entire crop on him at the high tide of the season, which always results in glutting the market for a short time and causing a shortage for the remainder of the year.

"Being deeply concerned with the problem of the tremendous losses to both producers and consumers by waste and decay consequent to glutted markets, the United States Department of Agriculture has deeply interested itself for several years in the co-operative movement. It is true that some of the societies have met with disaster of one kind or another, but so have banks, railroads, business houses and other organizations.

"All in all, the farmers' co-operative marketing associations have made a good record for efficiency and will undoubtedly play a major part in our economic life of the future."

"Well" said the old man Nase "as long as we are mixing politics with business I'll tell you what I think about it."

**"AN EVEN CHANCE THAT NEXT PRESIDENT
WILL BE HENRY FORD OR HOOVER."**

Only a year from now the political parties will be

choosing their standard-bearers for the next presidential contest. It is a foregone conclusion that the Republicans will renominate Harding. It seems to be a sort of unwritten law that a president shall have a chance to win an encore. The party in power is virtually bound to run its chief for a second term, for if it dropped him and picked another candidate it would amount to a repudiation of the administration and this would probably mean defeat at the polls. There is no question that President Harding has a vast number of devoted friends and supporters—but the fact still remains that the breaks of the game seem to be against him this time. If he wins it will probably only be as the result of some blunder or fluke by the other side.

For this reason the chief subject of discussion in newspapers and among public and business men the Democratic nominee. Who will be chosen by the Democrats to run against Harding? There is a great deal of talk that they will pick a "wet"—the idea being that such a candidate would draw enough votes from both parties to elect him. But the Democratic leaders already have cold feet on this proposition, as they know that such a course would turn the "dry" vote and the church vote to the Republican side. Everybody thought the liquor question had been taken out of politics for good, but it has bobbed up again and it may be the deciding factor in next year's election.

Meantime the most striking thing on the political horizon is the Ford boom. At first the politicians scouted the idea of Henry Ford's ever becoming president, or even receiving the nomination, but they now confess that they must reckon with him, and it is making them almost sick. It is generally thought that William G. McAdoo will have the strongest pull with the Democratic nominating convention, but there are indications that the convention may be taken off its feet by the Ford boom and that Ford will be chosen by acclamation. The Democratic leaders will think very seriously before doing anything to offend Ford and his huge popular following. If the convention should sidestep him, it is quite likely

that he will be put up on an independent ticket. Such a turn of affairs would disrupt all party lines and there is no telling what the outcome would be.

Senator Harrison of Mississippi, the head of the Democratic congressional committee, has been sounding the views of the people and he says that the demand for Ford is very much in evidence. The farmers especially swear by Henry Ford; he is a man after their own heart. He has given them cheap autos, cheap trucks and cheap tractors and he offers to give them cheap fertilizer if the government will accept his offer for the Muscle Shoals plant. The farmers are not going into any fine-spun analysis of the pros and cons of the Ford offer; they simply believe in Ford and they are in favor of giving him everything he says he wants. They see in him the champion of the welfare of the common people. They put him on much the same sort of pedestal as Abraham Lincoln, and they pin full faith on him.

The working classes also regard him as a hero. He pays his employees \$6.80 a day, and gives everybody a chance. He is the richest man in the world so far as productive income is concerned, and his fortune is only starting. Yet he excites no envy or hatred as the exploiters do. The statement of the Ford Motor Co. for the last fiscal year indicates gross profits of nearly \$150,000,000. A Detroit news dispatch figures that the average profit in making each car or tractor is about \$55, while the profit from selling parts etc. is about \$13 more on each unit. This is not exact, but it is said to be a close deduction. A treasury official at Washington calculates that Ford's annual income if piled up in silver dollars would form a shaft the size of the Washington monument, which is 55 feet square and 555 feet high.

Friends of Ford say he isn't at all anxious for the presidency and that he feels the work he is now doing and planning to do is fully as big as the president's. So they say if he runs for president he will have to be drafted. In other words if the people want him and say so, they can have him. Ford is quoted as being "absolutely opposed to liquor"—he has no use for men who drink;

so the "wets" will get little consolation from his candidacy. Probably the most unbiased size-up of Henry Ford that has appeared is one in the *Christian Science Monitor*, in substance as follows:

"The revelation of the enormous accumulation of wealth by the Ford Motor Co. attracts attention to the fact that Mr. Ford has been free, in the main, from the attacks commonly made on the accumulators of great wealth. He and his only son own the whole of the capital stock of the company. Their net profits last year were \$119, 000,000. The cash holdings of the company deposited in various banks amounted to over \$159,000,000. The only corporation with a larger holding of cash and securities in the United States than the Fords is the U. S. Steel Corporation, but that corporation has more than 170,000 stockholders. The holdings of the Ford Co. are possessed by two men only—father and son.

"Amazing as it is that so colossal a fortune should have been accumulated in the space of 20 years, for 20 years ago Ford was a bookkeeper on a slender salary, it is, perhaps, even more astonishing that its accumulation should have been accompanied by so little public hostility. Most great fortunes have been built up either by the exercise of some special privilege, obtained and maintained by the corruption of legislative bodies, or else by methods akin to the law of the jungle. The average captain of industry climbs upward over the bruised and prostrate bodies of his rivals. The railroad multimillionaire has often achieved his eminence at the cost of reorganizations and receiverships that have beggared thousands. The fortune founded on financial operations in Wall Street is apt to be a fortune acquired by the methods of the buccaneer. Against the Carnegies, the Rockefellers, the Goulds, the Morgans, there have always been directed savage attacks, based upon either ethical or legalistic grounds. Against Ford there has been apparently no public criticism directed whatsoever. Even organized labor, ordinarily so tenacious of its privileges, is virtually quiescent in contemplation of the Ford success. More than any one man or group of men, he

has made Detroit a non-union city, but in doing it he led the way in paying high wages, and making high wages pay him. But for all his refusal to recognize union labor in his shops, we find no outcry against his product raised by the spokesmen of union labor, and his cars are owned and driven generally by men who hold union cards. It is a curious phenomenon that on one of the touchiest points in the organization of industry Mr. Ford, without yielding one single iota, has been able to avoid any controversy whatsoever.

"It of course is not probable that he has attained his eminence and his enormous wealth without personal antagonisms. Few men have been able to work with him after they had attained anything like prominence in his organization. But he usually made them rich before quietly crowding them out. It cannot be said that Mr. Ford has purchased his immunity from hostile criticism by lavish deeds of charity. He is no philanthropist, nor has he sought to use ostentatious philanthropy as a bribe to public opinion. He frankly says that he believes that in extending his industrial activities, and thereby multiplying the number of opportunities for men to be self-supporting, he does more for humanity than he could by creating foundations for the investigation of economic conditions or by establishing great funds.

"In a wider and more notable way the achievement of Henry Ford has done and is still doing one great public good. He is demonstrating to those who study social phenomena that the mere accumulation of money is not in itself a menace to society, or a crime against social organization. It is the method by which it is accumulated and the use to which it is put that provokes natural resentment, when either is hostile to the public welfare. Mr. Ford had no special privileges granted to him by law in which others might not share, upon which to build his enormous edifice of wealth."

WHAT BRYAN SAYS

Presbyterians Turn Down Bryan

The Presbyterian church refused to follow William Jennings Bryan in his active fight on the Darwinian theory of evolution. The test of strength between Mr. Bryan and his opponents came at the general assembly of the church, meeting at Indianapolis. At the beginning he was a prominent candidate for moderator but he was narrowly defeated for this position by Dr. Chas. F. Wishart of Wooster, Ohio, many taking the ground that an ordained minister was needed for the highly specialized work of the church. Mr. Bryan later refused the chairmanship of a committee in order to be free to conduct his fight against evolution on the floor of the assembly.

Mr. Bryan as leader of the "fundamentalists" announced that he would devote all his effort against the Darwinian theory and against the preaching of any doctrine which denied the virgin birth of Christ, or the other fundamental interpretations of the Bible. The fight finally narrowed down to practically a personal contest between Mr. Bryan and John W. Baer, a banker of Pasadena, California, who was chairman of the committee on education. Mr. Bryan, vice-chairman of the committee, offered a resolution to refuse church money to any school "that teaches or permits to be taught as a proven fact either Darwinism or any other evolutionary hypothesis that links men in blood relationship with any other form of life." This resolution was turned down about two to one in favor of Mr. Baer's resolution which instructed synods and presbyteries to "withhold their official approval from schools where any teaching or instruction is given which seeks to establish a materialistic evolutionary philosophy, or which disregards or attempts to discredit the Christian faith."

The last stages of the encounter became warm and rather personal. Mr. Baer said: "Mr. Bryan is as honest as he can be, but he is mistaken, as he has been before." Mr. Bryan strongly objected to this statement. "I don't

want any Republican to appeal to Republican prejudices by referring to my Democratic beliefs," he shouted. "I helped this nation get prohibition. Did you do any more, Brother Baer? Was I mistaken in that fight? I helped this nation get woman's suffrage. I want you to know that I have been engaged in eight great national reforms in the last 25 years. Was I mistaken in those issues?" Speaking after the fight Mr. Bryan said his resolution had been "stead-rolled" by a machine-ridden convention dominated by a minority group of "clever politicians who are lacking in frankness." In an earlier statement he declared that "the doctrine that man is descended from a beast—a doctrine unsupported by any scientific fact and directly contrary to the Bible account of creation—is the greatest menace facing the church today."

Mr. Bryan had several tastes of victory in other matters. The delegates adopted his resolution requesting every minister, church official, church member and the faculties and students of Presbyterian schools to sign the pledge of total abstinence. He had previously made this proposal in a large popular meeting where it was endorsed enthusiastically. He also had the assembly reiterate its policy that no part of the educational funds of the church should go to an instructor who is not a Christian, and it was voted to urge state officials to prohibit attacks on the Christian religion by instructors in state universities and colleges.

During the session of the assembly Mr. Bryan made a flying visit to address the Southern Baptist convention at Kansas City. This convention decided not to take a definite stand on the question of evolution. It contended itself with reaffirming its belief in "certain great truths such as creation by divine fiat as set forth in the word of God," and "the incarnation, involving the virgin birth of our Savior." By a rising vote at a mass meeting 15,000 persons pledged loyalty to the old-fashioned gospel."

"What do you think of our present system of schools" asked Jot.

"Well" said Nase "It is very good. We must give our schools and our educational system the credit for our great strides in progress and civilization and we cannot expend too much money for the advancement of this great cause.

Members of the teaching profession, none too attractive in its rewards, as it is, may soon be facing one of those wars with labor-saving machinery by which other crafts have been so materially affected in the past. At least, Mr. Edison says that in twenty years from now moving pictures will be doing the teaching."

"I will now tell you," went on the old man "about the origin and ever lasting life of the alphabet, living and existing through the downfalls of empires and civilizations, and equals that of the Holy Bible itself. It is the basis of our educational system and a wonderful and sublime gift which has been preserved throughout the ages for mankind, and like our god, lives on and on the same without change.

EVERY LITTLE LETTER HAS A ROMANCE ALL ITS OWN

Though the letters of the alphabet are used in reading and writing every day of the year, little do we appreciate the romance and history associated with their evolution down through the ages to suit our convenience. Like everything else commonplace, the symbols are "taken for granted" and few people make any attempt to pry into the "whys" and "wherefores" of their being here. At school we learn the characters and their meanings; after that we employ them through force of habit and think no more about it. But, unlike the Topsy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, when asked about her birth, volunteered the information that she "just grow'd," our modern alphabet has developed from a conglomeration of crude signs used to express the ideas of the ancients.

Of course, the exact origin of the symbols cannot be definitely determined, but positive facts and analogical arguments may be adduced which enable us to reach a

high degree of probability. It is now commonly believed that the characters were originally hieroglyphics (picture writings), and in that form were first devised in old Egypt. There, for convenience of writing, they later took on a simpler form, called "hieratic," and were thus borrowed by the Phoenicians. In this form they passed on to the Greeks. The English alphabet, like some other modern alphabets, is of Latin derivation, but in turn came from the early Greek. Thus, by a gradual process of evolution, the pictured expression of an idea developed into the present convenient method of expressing sounds in writing.

The name "alphabet" comes from the first two letters of the Greek alphabet—"alpha" and "beta." In a general way, the Phoenicians contributed 19 letters to our alphabet, the Greeks four, the Romans two, and the Anglo-Saxons one. The Egyptians adored birds and animals. In fact, they worshipped them and used them extensively in their pictured writings. Hence the earliest alphabet consisted of chiseled rock drawings of birds and beasts. Egyptian hieroglyphics may be traced back more than 6000 years—to the time of the second Egyptian dynasty when the system appeared in great perfection, arguing a long period of antecedent development.

Of the 400 early Egyptian symbols, about 45 were of alphabetical character—that is to say, they either denoted vowels or could be associated with more than one vowel sound. The transition to a pure alphabetical writing was made when the Phoenicians rejected the unnecessary portions of the complicated Egyptian system. A knowledge of alphabetical writings must have been obtained by the Greeks from the Phoenician trading settlements in the Aegean sea as early as the 10th century B. C. By the middle of the sixth century B. C. the Greek alphabet had in all essential respects attained its final development. This was the source of most of the other alphabets.

In our own alphabet the order of the letters does not differ very greatly from the early arrangement except that T, the last letter in the early alphabets, is followed

by six letters—U, V, W, X, Y and Z—all of comparatively recent origin. These additions are historically instructive. Of the six added letters, U dates from the ninth century B. C., having been differentiated by the Greeks out of F, and placed after T, the last of the old letters.

Originally, U and V were the medial and initial forms of the same letter. Along about the 10th century A. D., U came to be used for the vowel and V for the consonant, because in Latin words the consonant usually occurs at the beginning and the vowel in the middle of the words. Therefore the two forms were regarded as separate letters and were placed side by side in the alphabet. Not only U and V, but also W and Y came from the Phoenician letter "vau," all being variations of the same sound. The Romans in their inscriptions on public buildings found it easier to make the V than the U. The rather silly custom of using V for U persists on inscriptions on modern buildings, coinage, etc. Besides, the V is considered the handsomer form of the letter. Until the 16th century the letter V was called "single U" and the letter W "double U."

It was toward the end of that century that printers came to realize that there was no letter to indicate the beginning sound of a word such as "wet," which was then written "vet," so they began to spell it with two U's to suggest the sound. Thus, our W was first written VV and was called "double-U." After a while, to save trouble, the typefounders cast the two together. The next step was to have one V cross the other. In this manner was our modern W evolved. In the time of Cicero the Romans borrowed Y from the Greek alphabet to denote the sound of "upsilon," and placed it at the end of the alphabet after X. Soon afterward, Z was also borrowed from the Greek and placed after Y. It was introduced in the English alphabet from the French in the 15th century, but was only used in English, as in Latin, to spell words of foreign origin.

The letters I and J were also one and the same letter but, since the consonantal sound usually occurs at the be-

ginning of words and the vowel sound in the middle, J was conveniently appropriated in the 15th century for the consonant, and I for the vowel. The dots over both I and J were introduced through the need of making these letters more easily distinguished in written words. The dot appeared in the 11th century, and its use increased in the next century when growing demand for written works made economy of materials necessary and led to smaller writing and countless contradictions. Later the dot became fashionable and at one time was even put over Y. Before the 11th century the I was accented, thus ', for convenience when it came next to A, U, M or N. The use of J became general during the time of the Commonwealth in England (about 1650). It was the fashion to add a tail or a flourish to the last I when two or more I's occurred in Roman numerals, for instance, viij for eight and xij for 12. In the old days "jot" was spelled "iot," whence its derivation from the Greek iota or letter I—signifying a very small particle—may readily be seen.

The letter Q is a superfluous character—really of no more real value in helping to express our thoughts in writing than any Chinese sign would be. It never ends an English word and cannot begin one or be used at all without the aid of the letter U. There is no authority who can tell the why of the particular relation of the characters Q and U or why the former was given its curious name. Some argue that its name was applied because of the tail or cue at the bottom of the letter, but the original Q—sounded just as it is today—was made without the flourish, the character much resembling the English sign for pounds—

Like Q, X is also quite superfluous and is of no more service to us than it was to the Romans. K has the same sound as C and either could be substituted for the other without disturbing the pronunciation. So we see that though we have 26 letters in our alphabet, only 23 letters really work; and these have the heavy task of handling 32 or more different sounds.

E, our most used letter, represents the latticed win-

dow common in the houses of the ancients. The letter was originally made with the left side open but was later reversed. Pioneers of writing drew H much like E. H pictured a section of fence comprising two posts linked together by three horizontal boards. It was called "cheth." The Greeks designated it "eta" but omitted the upper and lower boards. F was symbolical of architecture or of shipbuilding, differing from E only by a base line.

Early Egyptians represented A by a rude drawing of an eagle. They made B represent a crane and C a king's throne. Animals, parts of the body and other objects gave them the idea for other letters. When an Egyptian wished to record the sound of M he scratched a picture of an owl on a stone. Generation after generation the artists became more careless and left more and more off the picture until only the ears of the owl remained. In this form it is our M. However, there is another theory. The Phoenicians were a seafaring people and the ocean figured prominently in their thoughts. Perhaps their character "mem" was a series of lines to represent a cross section of the waves.

The S of the Phoenicians looked like our W but represented two front teeth and was called "shin." The evolution of S closely illustrates the Greek and Roman peculiarities. The Greeks turned the symbol on its side and elongated it; then they reversed it when the direction of writing changed. The early Romans cut off the bottom line, thus creating an angular S. The Romans of a later date modified it by making it a continuous in-and-out curve.

The origin of T dates back to the time when the cross served as a sign of identification. The Phoenicians made it as we make our plus symbol in arithmetic, but in their case the horizontal line was elevated above the middle of the perpendicular. They called it "tav." From it the Greeks derived their "tau." When the Romans received it they gave it its present form.

Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher and geometrician, drew a moral from Y, which received the name of the

"Samian letter" because he was born on the isle of Samos. He told his pupils that Y represented the parting of the ways inasmuch as it began with a straight line which diverged both to the right and left at a point comparable to the time of life when the choice of a career and conduct are to be made. In making the letter it is impossible for the pencil to proceed continuously along both lines of divergence; one must be chosen and the other abandoned for the moment. The English at one time got the habit of using the letter y in place of th. They would then abbreviate "that" to "yt," and abbreviate "the" to "ye." This quaint form "ye" is still sometimes used, especially where it is desired to imitate the antique style, as in "Ye Olde Mill Inn." But the "ye" still has to be pronounced "the"; to pronounce it "ye" is incorrect.

To the Phoenicians, "aleph" was the name of the ox. They originated A to picture the head. Turn the modern A upside down and see the ox's horns. When the Greeks made this letter they called it "alpha." The O represents the eye. It is believed to have once had a central dot which represented the pupil but this has not been handed down to us. The O was first called "ayin." From O the Greeks got two letters—"omicron" (little O) and "omega" (great O). The Greeks of a later period shifted O down to the end of their alphabet so that "alpha and omega" has ever afterward signified "the beginning and the end."

The Phoenicians called P "pi" but pronounced it as we do today. It is supposed to represent the lips. Q is a picture of the back of the human head, together with the neck. The Phoenicians let the line bisect the circle but the Greeks retained only the tip as an appendage. The early Romans accepted Q as the Greeks gave it to them but those of a later era pushed the tail over to the lower right of the circle. "Resh," the Phoenician term for R, is a profile of the head, slightly modified by the Greeks and the Romans.

I is the profile of the open hand; K represents the profile with two fingers bent at right angles to each other.

The Phoenicians called K "kaph." The Greeks, who reversed the symbol, called it "kappa." The ancient sea traders called N "nun." It is supposed to represent a fish. Originally the back and open mouth of a fish were represented by lines but the character went through a succession of changes till it lost all semblance of its original form. The third letter of our alphabet once had the appearance of our figure 7 but was later modified. It originally represented the head of that beast of burden, the camel.

The Phoenicians used to make many daggers of short swords of bronze and sell them to other nations. Their blades were considered the best obtainable and bore the name "zayin." The Greeks adopted the letter Z as symbolic of "zayin" but called it "zeta." The Romans made it the last letter of the alphabet. B represents a cross section of a house. It received the name of "beth" from the early traders but the Greeks changed this to "beta." The Phoenicians chose the "daleth" or door for their fourth letter. They drew it as an equilateral triangle. The openings to their houses were triangular in shape because the curtains were always pinned back save during stormy weather. For some unknown reason the Greeks prolonged one side of D but later restored it to its original form. The Romans tilted it so that its left side was perpendicular; later generations preferred curves to angles, and thus we have it today.

Bryan stood up while talking to Mr. Nase. Where he had stood while speaking. "Won't you take a chair," said Mr. Nase. "You look very tired standing there." "I will, thank you," said Bryan. Though my time here is of short duration now as I am billed a Carthage and Joplin this evening."

The subject of Bryan arose and the old man said: "When Bryan came to Springfield, I met him at the Metropolitan Hotel, and told him that I wanted to have a talk with him. We sat upon the balcony fronting College St., and I said to him 'My wife's people came from

Kentucky and on one side of the house she was a descendant of Daniel Boone, who came to Boonsboro, Howard Co., Mo., where she was raised. I married her there. We were married at the Methodist or Presbyterian Church. She was one of the choir. When we first came here we joined the Presbyterians. Dr. Bacon being our pastor, and on the other side of the house, of my wife's folks, they were related to the Bryans. They lived in Kentucky also and some came west. They lived at — Ky.

"Yes" said Mr. Bryan, "that was the bunch that was the same family; the same set of Bryans and we are sure related. I didn't think of running on to kinfolks down here in Springfield. Why didn't you bring your wife up to see me?"

"She is not very stout any more and we don't go out much like we used to. We don't even get out to church any more, and it goes so hard with my wife to have to miss, as well as myself." "Too bad" said Mr. Bryan. "I am afflicted with age myself and its infirmities; kidney trouble and things like that until I am not like I used to be right in front in everything in public life that was going on; was County Clerk in Howard Co., for two terms and I thought I would try to see you this time as we can claim kin with you" said Nase. It certainly tickled Bryan and he said "I am mighty proud you called on me. Do you know it wonderfully attaches me to Missouri and makes me think I am right at home." "Can't you come out home with me" I said. "I would like to but hardly have time" he said, and we bade each other adieu.

A letter had come that day from Miami, Fla. Yes, we have kinfolks living at Miami, that's where Mr. Bryan has his summer home. The Gates live there. They are related to us. Arthur, Nase's son, had sent a hand bag full of his mother's trinkets and treasures to his cousin there and he had answered the letter and sent it to him at his father's address, but he had been gone some time back west, and his father would send it on to him.

Jot wanted to see the big Pictorial Review and read it, and could not find it among the papers on the newspaper

stand table, so he inquired about it. "Oh yes" said Mr. Nase, "I just gave it to Eva." "Oh, you did" said Jot, "then I will borrow it of her. I just wanted to read an article I saw in it."

"Well" went on Mr. Nase, "what did Eva have to say Sunday evening about marrying you. Did you mention it?" "No" said Jot, "I didn't mention it yesterday altho' she sure looked very lovely, indeed, and I almost came to mention it but thought about it tho' we were pretty busy talking about city and country life. She seemed to favor city life and we didn't get down to business—" he broke off. "And you favored country life?" "Yes, but I couldn't let that difference in preference come between us. Ha-ha," he said, "the testing of the pudding is in the eating thereof." "She seems too good to oppose you." "You mean the cherry pie?" "Oh, did you have cherry pie?" "I'd say we did. She can bake 'em too, real ones. Maybe her mother baked them. I rather think she helped." "You rather think so? Why didn't you find out?" said Nase.

"Oh, I'm not partial about that," said Jot. "You don't oppose her then like you do me?" said Nase. "Oh no," said Jot, "the best way is to agree; especially where it is better for all parties concerned." "That's right" said Nase.. "We are trying to harmonize and live in unity for in unity is strength."

"You have the right view if you can carry it through" said the old man. "Yes, the red bird sang to us as we were out front" said Jot, "and the red bird is the sign of love and good fellowship and the wisest bird there is." "And it seems to understand" said the old man. "Sure" said Jot, "it did."

"She is as pretty as a red bird," went on Jot, "and she is just as fine as she looks" said Nase.

"Oh my goodness! What a fine specimen of womanhood she is. You and her would make a matched team as fine as them Cleveland bays you were telling me about Sunday morning that your father raised down on the farm, and that your brother drove in a buggy past the Metropolitan Hotel and up College Street to the square."

"Yes" said Jot, "my father was the best and most progressive farmer I ever knew. We raised a fine young team of Cleveland bays. My brother and I would ride behind them to see the girls and my brother took great delight in driving them hitched to the buggy. They were fine high-headed, bow necked, high spirited and proud as larks, in the buggy, and my brother would get out of the buggy and rub them over with his handkerchief if any dirt got on them, or if gravel got in the frog of their feet, or mud on the posture joints so the hoofs did not glisten. He would jump out of the buggy and say 'Hold up your foot, Dolly, or Ruby,' without his having to touch it.

"We drove them to town one day and drove up College Street toward the square and they looked so fine that the guests of the Metropolitan Hotel and business men along the street came out to look at them as they passed up the street. Why, the guests ran out of the hotel. Oh, they shone like a silver dollar—more like gold. Oh, we were millionaires in those days and didn't know it. Why I'll tell you when people passed that farm they would motion and wave at us—everything looked so prosperous. The big red barn was fine. They knew it on the Panhandle of Texas when I was there. They knew about it in Oklahoma. They knew about it in California. They knew about it in Iowa, in Kansas, and even in the east.

"My father was a man, a real man. The good he did went far and wide. He was a devout farmer; a devout Christian a devout Mason; a devoted husband and a devoted father. People sought his advice in matters of farming; in matters of law making in matters of road building; in matters of state and government, and in matters of better living, advancement and school industry, and of everything for the betterment of the country. He was a shining light in his neighborhood; a man honored and loved by all who knew him. Mother and sister Bertha were loved by all, as well. Bertha died when young and at her funeral all the school children turned out. She was a sweet girl with the greatest memory of

any person I ever knew. If we wanted to know the name of anyone, she would tell us. Mother always took care of the teachers when they taught our school; helped the churches and loved her family. She said she did not fear to die but only hated to leave her dear ones. Her love was beyond comprehension. She was the first to die; then father, then sister. All that were at home died but me. I am still here for some purpose. I don't know what for for I grieved and grieved, and I was left in a whirlpool of uncertainty as to what to do and was so bewildered, and here I am yet, still unsettled since being torn asunder from them and the change it has wrought upon me, for I have not yet recovered from it all.

"The red birds there would sing to me alone, as they sing to us here. I sometimes think they are the same birds.

"Father, Mother, and my sister, who were on the farm with me at the time, lived thro' the World War and were devoted to the winning of the war. We all worked like fury; bought bonds and stamps. Why, it was miraculous how the money did pour in to the government with which to buy bonds. It ran into the billions. Money given and paid out with no returns on the investment, you might say, but the great cause of democracy was represented. They all saw the war won. Mother died while my cousin was reported to be on his way home. He had fought thro' it all: Verdun, Chateau Thiery, and so down the line to the surrender at the Rhine."

Their Conversation Drifts to the Farm

"Well, I'll tell you Jot" said old man Nase, "I would like to sell to you, of course, if I go to Long Beach, California, or Palm Beach, Fla., and you can do as you please about buying me out here, but I would say to you to stay with the farm as long as your interest is there."

"Why, there are five of us heirs left—four boys and one girl. The married one now lives with her husband and daughter on her part of the estate", said Jot. "Why they ought to help you get back" said Nase. "Oh" said

Jot, "they will in time. The place is rented, you know, for this year, and I came to town after the sale of the livestock, implements, household goods, etc., and with the understanding that I would buy a little farm near town here in the suburbs here, with my part. We failed to sell it, and so it is rented for the time being, but next year, if I don't buy you out and stay here" he went on but the old man interrupted him by saying: "Stay with the farm and be as patient as nature, and you will win eventually. Get some sheep, cows, hogs, and raise good wheat and corn and grass, clover. Have some fruit that makes sure." "I believe it would be better for you to go with President Harding to Alaska this summer instead of to Florida; then go to Florida in the winter season' said Jot'

"Oh" said the old man "it would take a millionaire to do that unless a fellow was president or something." "Life would be worth living in old age if I could do that, Jot. MY! how pleasant it would be that way, but I am thinking" he went on "that Florida would be like living at home there. The water flows from our springs thro' to Florida and it is just a little way south of us and a lot of my folks are going from Sedalia, and some from Fayette. Well, we have things pretty nice here now. Say, aren't those chair cushions nice? Arthur brought them and left them with us. He picked one of them up—the other one being close to Jot. "Oh" said Jot, they surely are beauties, they set the chairs off. One was a red or yellow color and the other was a blue one with all kinds of fine handwork on them.

"Oh, that boy was like his mother," said Nase "and see the needle case he left on the little toilet table of Japanese craft; and the row of books he left on the little long marble stand table with the beautiful cover for the center table. He is a reader and reads everything; all the works of the popular authors and has gone through my wonderful library sitting over there—pointing to where it stood where it could be seen thro' the door of the sitting room looking into the parlor. "Yes" said Jot he cautioned me to take care of you and be sure and look after the dear

things of his mother's until he returned this fall. He requested me also (it was his fad of course) to remove all the dishes from the table to the sideboard, to keep them from collecting dust. He had been leaving them on the table as his sisters from St. Louis and Fayette had done when he had come to take charge of the affairs, but those these aristocratic women from aristocratic towns were too far behind for Arthur and Jot obeyed his dictation about the culinary and table de hote.

Jot and the old man Nase had talked on volcanic eruption; as to the cause of earthquakes and also the escape of volumes of oil and gas which filled great vacuums of the earth.

There is only about sixty miles of solid earth rock—thick all round the earth” said the old man “below that surface is lava—a burning mass that has been burning there forever, or since the creation of the world. Just about sixty miles deep all around the world; cooled off as crust. “We must be over a vast lake of fire then” said Jot “we are living over this veritable hell below. It will take millions of years to cool, then it will probably come to pieces and be thrown to the planets. Why when the great sun cools that gives us both light and heat and makes it possible to live at all, then it will become a world of life and vegetation like the earth, millions of years hence.

It is now a burning mass of heat; great flakes of burning mass will fall and be thrown up and settle back. It has been said so many human beings have lived on the earth that the surface of the earth for about six feet all around of the earth is made of human beings' dust which has decayed and returned to earth, and so we breathe human dust. Just think of it, even from the time of Egypt, Greece, Rome—how many people have lived. Christ's crucifixion was in time of Rome and done by the Romans, and where is Rome today? Gone. And where is there another Christ? Another man, if he be a man, that equals him. There never was one before nor since, nor will there ever be another, but the one and same Christ will return to the earth.

Mr. Nase went over to talk with Mr. Jones across the street and Jot went over to Mr. Holmes. Mr. Holmes was on the front porch sitting in the porch swing and an extra chair was near. "Have that chair" Mr. Holmes said as Jot came up on the steps to the porch, and so Jot seated himself. The old man had just been fishing down on White River and had returned to his home.

"Well" said Jot "did you catch any fish?" "Oh yes" said the old man "we caught all we could eat but didn't bring any home. Two cars of us went and we got a house dar' at de powersite at de dam for a dollar a day. Dey furnished wood—chopped and ebber'thing. Oh! we had a big time."

"Let me know when you go again" said Jot "and maybe I'll go along."

"Yes, sure" said the old man.

"Will the women folks go with us this fall" asked Jot. "Oh yes, they will go this fall sure" Holmes said. Just then Mrs. Holmes came quietly to the door and asked them to be quiet as Eva was resting a little better. Jot's back was toward her and the door and the old man did not seem to pay any attention to her and Jot said, as he looked around: "Were you speaking to me?" "I was speaking to my husband" she said and she turned and went back into the house.

"Mr. Holmes," said Jot "your wife spoke to you." "Oh dat makes no difference" said the old fellow. "What did she want?" I think she said we talk too loud."

"Oh" said Jot "is Eva sick?" "Yes" said Holmes "she came home sick tonight, she got too hot. It has been pretty warm" he went on "and she has too much hard work to do. She takes dictation from ten men. Yes, she takes dictation from ten different men. She works hard."

"It is too hard on her" said Jot "this kind of a day. She don't have to work up there in this hot weather, does she?"

"Well no" but she likes the work and wants to keep the job, you know, said her father, "she has done extra

work today in checking up different departments of the store.

"I'd better go" said Jot "I'm afraid I will disturb her with our talking out here" "Oh no, dat's all right." "Well then, we must talk low," said Jot, and be a little more quiet.

"Yes" went on Holmes "we rent a little club house down dere and fished above and below the big dam; went as far up as Forsythe—three miles down River and saw de new big bridge dare across de ribber. Say-dat's a fine bridge; dat's a good wild country for a change to go dere and rent a house and spend de hot sumer months in where it is quiet and nice cool open houses just screened in to sleep. It is a good ding to get away frum dis city noise and blunderbuster once in a while anyhow."

"For my part" said Jot "I prefer the country naturally. Of course I was raised on the farm." "Dat makes a difference" said Holmes, I neber lived on de farm very much; my work is carpenter work, you know, in de city mostly. De farmers hab been hit pretty hard, too, since de war prices hab been so low dey can't make any ding and hire any help but, but it is all right where dey hab boys and raise a family ob deir own. "Oh yes" said Jot "sure it is, even now a farmer that is out of debt can make a good living. Oh yes, sure he can raise his own stuff, and twenty acres near town is all I want now and I'll get some cows and chickens; raise small fruits, vegetables and make a living, that's all I care for any way and I can do that and stay out of debt."

"You hab twenty ob your own, haf you?" asked Holmes. "Yes" said Jot, "I'm planning to build on it this fall if I don't buy the old man Nase out, and move down on it." "Dat certainly would be nice" said Holmes."

"I see" said Jot "that Mr. Ivan Link is going to sell his big farm out by the National Cemetery and cut it up into small five acre tracts for little farms. Big farming like grain and stock farming don't pay any more in these times, farm machinery is too high and live stock and products are too low, and we can't compete with the big farmers in Kansas where they use tractors and farm

on large and extensive scale and like California they use the big Harvester combines to save help. Harvest and thresh the grain as they go ready for the market." "I believe you is right" said Holmes, "de Ozarks is chust for de small farmers wid horses and stock growing and chickens. De horses can pull de plows here better dan de tractors where de rocks and de hills are."

"Yes" said Jot. "But some use them here on the larger estates in the smooth parts. Business is a pretty big job as well as agriculture. We are all having our ups and downs and we have got to make every turn count and have got to use economy and judgment."

"Yes" said Mr. Holmes. "It makes de people be more careful and not be so extravagant and wasteful and be more on de savings plan." De old Germans and de Swedes do dat, but deir children whne dey grow up here become Americans den and do like de Americans and spend lots ob money and try to keep up wid eberyting. "Yes" said Jot "That's it." I see the assistant secretary of the treasure is a good business guide, and he went on:

"By common consent of all who know the inside workings of Uncle Sam's dizzy fiscal mechanism, that title goes—

NOT to Andrew W. Mellon, multimillionaire capitalist and financier, who is secretary of the treasury—

NOT to Joseph S. McCoy, government actuary, for 30 years a guiding genius in the government's financial affairs—

Nor to any other of the elderly and dignified gentlemen who occupy imposing offices in the manypillared pile which houses the nation's treasure chest.

Is Undersecretary

Instead, it is bestowed by general consent and even with the approval of the gray-heads above mentioned, on a rather lanky, angular, serious-faced youngster of just 30 years—Seymour Parker Gilbert, Jr.

Officially, Gilbert is "undersecretary of the treasury," and, according to the Congressional Directory, the official

gazette of official Washington, is "in charge of fiscal affairs."

Efficient, he is, of course. He never signs himself Seymour Parker Gilbert, Jr. He makes it: S. P. Gilbert, Jr. That saves both time and ink.

He is a real capitalist in conversation, paying out only the minimum of words necessary to fill the bill. If a question can be answered by "Yes" or "No", his answer will be "yes" or "no."

Mind Like Machine

Given the facts, however, in a financial situation, Gilbert's mind functions with the precision and nicety of an automatic machine. Feed him the problem and out will come the answer, polished, checked and ready for filing.

Inside the department, Gilbert is given the credit for having conceived and executed the operations by which the department had retired or refunded some seven and a half billions of short term obligations within the last fourteen months, without causing a ripple on the surface of the national credit sea. Gilbert is a bachelor. He doesn't attempt to keep up any social front. He doesn't have to entertain. All he has to do is just work. And he does that—all day long, and often until midnight."

"When I was down at the powersite" said Jot "I saw wonders in nature. Mr. Wagoner says that it is the great out of doors. It is all out of doors and always will be" went on Jot, "for it never can be anything else. God never intended that it should be anything but all out side; out of doors, which sounds fine for summer seasons when the thermometer stands a hundred in the shade, then it is that it begins to get hot on the pavement of the city and then is when people want to seek cooler quarters and get close to nature, and right here at this spot nature is always at her best; a place of recreation for the city folks, and when once man lives here, he never goes away without coming back, or if he never gets back, he seems like he is in prison when he is away. There's a charm

here that never leaves him; the charm of real homelike civil life; the only real life that God created; man created the other kind."

The reason the boys are leaving the farm is as Secretary of Agriculture Wallace declares that farm products must be adjusted to demand or prices will go very low. He declares that low prices are not due to lack of exports. Here then is the answer to why "Boys leave home." They are in a business which is crowded. While Missouri has less farmers than it did twenty years ago the state raises more crops. This is true of nearly all of the older states.

Yet there are movements to keep the farm boys at home. As long as conditions are like they are, boys will continue to leave the farm and should. When it becomes necessary to curtail production as the secretary suggests, then it is a good time to get into some other business. In spite of columns of free advice to the contrary thousands of farmers discovered this years ago and devoted their time to other pursuits. Farm products prices are low because of over-production, according to Secretary Wallace. That should be a warning to farmers not to work so hard."

